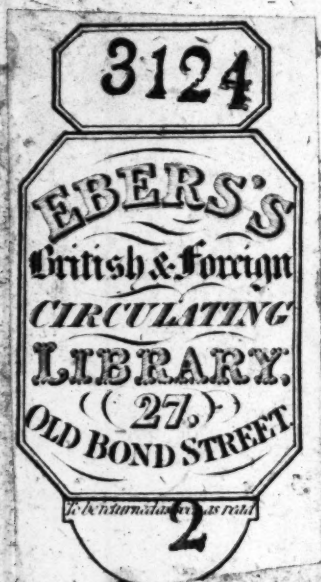
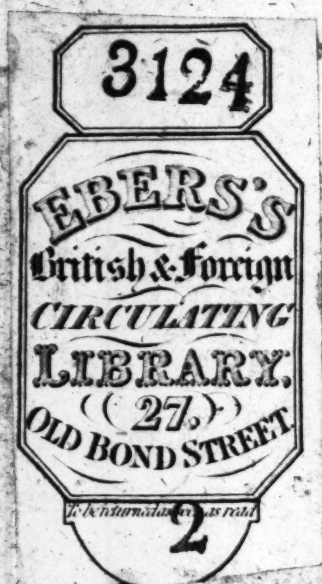


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FAMILY OF HALDEN.

EMILIA, now fifteen years of age, shed for the first time the sweetest tear of misfortune; and yet she, at length, found means to connect again the thread of her romantic dreams, which the coolness of Seibold's letter had broken. This letter, said she to herself, is colder than any that he ever wrote to me. Why colder? Is it not dissimulation? Is he not checked by my rank? Is he not, perhaps, afraid of making me unhappy? For - - - have I not read his love in his eyes? Here she gave loose reins to her imagination, soon persuaded herself that Seibold's conduct arose from noble pride, and on that account became more attached to him than ever. She looked forward to happier days—the noble struggle between his pride and his love; and she

rejoiced over that moment, when, overcome by this all-powerful passion, he would throw himself at her feet.

Seibold, almost contrary to her expectation, came at the appointed time, and approached her with a cheerful, careless countenance. Emilia flew to meet him with her usual passionate affection. In the course of half an hour he became restless, pensive, and silent. The triumph of love was already displayed in her eye; but Seibold took leave, called her again his dear daughter, and quitted her without ever betraying himself by a single expression.

Emilia returned, shaking her head at his insensibility. His restlessness, however, made her certain that he loved her; but—a young heart is impatient. She wished to see the object of her affection at her feet, in order that she might put an end to his torture and struggle, and that she might hear and repeat in his arms the sweet words, I love you! A thousand plans for bringing the business to a conclusion suggested themselves to her mind. She resolved, however,

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to write to him, and with the boldness of a heated imagination took up her pen ; but after the first stroke her hand was conducted by virgin modesty and timid bashfulness. The style of the letter was much colder than any she had ever written to him ; and yet her cheeks were covered with the blush of shame, on account of the obscure hints which she had given him of her love. She tore the letter, and, for a moment, was sensible of the difficulties which opposed her passion.

The thoughts of her proud family produced some effect upon her heart. Seibold had often conversed with her on the duty which she owed to her mother. Emilia, said he, your mother does not hate you as she hates Hennig : she, indeed, has not the same tender affection for you as she has for Charles, but still she has more than you can ever merit by the strictest obedience and the warmest gratitude. Endeavour to win her heart by patience and submission. Respect her partiality ; and shew her, at least, that you wish to gain her love, and that the fault is not yours if you do not obtain it.

Emilia recollected this advice, and she began to doubt whether she had sufficient grounds of excuse for her conduct. She at length, therefore, determined to remain inactive, and to leave the whole matter to chance. Such, for the most part, is the case with mankind when they suspect that chance will be favourable to them. Emilia having by these means quieted her conscience threw aside her pen, resolved to wait calmly for Seibold's declaration, and hoped to arrive soon at the wished-for object. The next time that Seibold paid her a visit she was greatly on her guard, and by these means became cool—even much cooler than she wished. Seibold, on the other hand, was cheerful ; joked and laughed for a whole hour, and then returned without having realised her hopes. Emilia went home lost in deep thought. She now said seriously to herself, for the first time, Seibold, perhaps, does not love me ! Perhaps it is nothing else in him than friendship and paternal affection ! She began to reason upon Seibold's conduct. May not
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the uneasiness which he shewed, said she, be occasioned merely by my forwardness? Has he not often declared that he despised the passion of love? Her whole hopes seemed at once destroyed by these ideas. She now sunk from the flattering pride of being the beloved object of the noble-minded Seibold, to the mortification of perhaps seeing herself rejected. Her sensibility was cruelly wounded at the thought. She shrunk from herself with horror; covered her face for shame, and wished nothing more than that Seibold might not have observed her passion. But, notwithstanding all this, she still persuaded herself that she loved Seibold as Julia loved her instructor; and she always banished the idea, as often as it occurred, that this passion had been excited in her heart partly by Rousseau's *Eloisa* and the romances of her governess.

At this moment Emilia wanted only a mother in whom she could confide, in order to become sensible of her folly. Why happens it that mothers either ridicule or

condemn the earliest sensations of their daughters? Why can they not guide with prudence the awakened passion, the omnipotence of which they themselves have known in their youth? - - - Emilia was obliged to bury deeply within her breast all her sorrows, her hopes, her shame and her resolutions. Her only friend Seibold, to whom she had opened her mind in all her little difficulties, was the last person whom she could consult on the present occasion. She was therefore left alone with her ardent passion, which was still more enflamed by the secrecy of her sensations; and she now thought herself very unfortunate, as she considered her love to be lasting—though this passion in her was, perhaps, little more than awakened sensibility kept alive by imagination. She at length determined to see Seibold no more; and this resolution restored her, in some measure, to tranquillity.

All this took place during the first warmth of her ideas, the evening after Seibold

bold had been with her at Moorberg. Next morning she was surprised that she had risen in so good health and slept so soundly. She could not comprehend how it was possible for one to be so unfortunate and at the same time so calm. Her painful sensations had become milder; and she again listened to the voice of hope, which told her that even in the worst case her misfortune would be united with a secret pleasure. She once more began to indulge her dear romantic ideas; and ere the day appointed for Seibold's visit arrived, the resolution of not seeing him was entirely obliterated from her mind. She proceeded to the birchen grove without once thinking of it. After she had waited some time, Seibold came in great haste; said to her, with confusion, Go, Emilia! and sprung back over the wall without waiting to hear her speak. Emilia returned slowly, reflecting on this strange event; and entered her mother's apartment, where she found Sei-

bold delivering a message with which he had been entrusted by the major.

Emilia was alarmed ; and Seibold also, as soon as he discovered her, appeared to be in great confusion. She however said to him, Will you be so kind as to take with you a book for my aunt ? Seibold having nodded assent, she went out, hoping he would follow her ; but he did not, and therefore, she was obliged to bring it. Seibold received the book, put it into his pocket, and took leave. As he was going away, Emilia asked, but in such a manner as not to be heard by her mother, When she should see him—Never ! replied he—Never ? returned Emilia, growing pale.—Never, Emilia ! repeated he—I have been imprudent. And with these words he left her.

Now, now ! exclaimed she, after she had retired to her apartment, while her eyes sparkled with joy, because she considered Seibold's words as a declaration of love. She exulted in her success ; but she was
much

much mortified next day by the following declaration which Seibold made to her in a letter: As I was yesterday going towards the birchen grove, I met the gardener. He looked at me, pulled off his hat, and said, laughing, Miss Emmy is there already.—It was indeed very imprudent in both of us that we conversed so often with each other privately, without considering that these visits must, in the end, become known. The more I reflect, dear Emilia, the more I find that your tutor is not yet free from his old fault, of consulting only his heart and not the world. It ought never to have been done, Emilia. Any secret correspondence which a girl has, were it even with her most paternal instructor, is improper till she has attained the age of forty.

The plain style in which this letter was written, seemed to Emilia very different from what she had expected. Seibold put an end to the private visits without ever making a single complaint of the necessity

of doing so ; just as if these visits had been a matter of the utmost indifference. Poor Emilia felt herself much humbled and ashamed. But she had not the vanity to be displeased with Seibold. She was displeased only with her own conduct ; and shrunk back, as it were, from herself. The sweet poison of ardent love had, however, so thoroughly penetrated her whole frame, that her shame was not altogether able to cure it.

About this period a young lady came on horseback to pay a visit at Moorberg ; and, as a good deal of conversation took place on riding as a proper exercise for ladies, Mrs. Halden, as soon as she was gone, began to think that her daughter should learn to ride also. Emilia embraced this proposal with the utmost eagerness ; and made some trials of her skill, which turned out very fortunate. Mrs. Halden, therefore, said to her, Your uncle, perhaps, will make you a present of a handsome riding-horse. And it was accordingly resolved that Emilia

lia should ride over to Sollingen, and endeavour to persuade her uncle to give her one.

This was the very circumstance which gave Emilia such an attachment to riding. She rode over with her brother to Sollingen. The major received his Emmy with a shout of joy. Hennig saluted her with his usual huzza ; brother Hennig helped her to dismount ; and Seibold dwelt with enraptured looks on the majestic figure of the beauteous maid. As soon as the major cast his eyes towards Emilia's horse, he exclaimed, Get Yellow dun, Hennig ! The child must not harass and torment herself with riding on that camel.

Emmy, you shall have Yellow-dun. You will see how he can dance. Saddle mine also. Seibold then called for his Dapple ; and Hennig ordered High-flyer. They were all soon mounted ; but it was now found that Yellow-dun was too unmanageable for Emilia. Never mind, said her uncle. You must stay here a couple of

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weeks,

weeks, until you and he become better acquainted.

Charles would not hear of this proposal. —Well, returned the major, do you ride home, and tell your mamma that Emilia does not know the difference between the crupper and the bridle; that she sits a horse as crooked as if she were hanging to the back of an old man; that riding is not dancing; and that if she wishes to have Yellow-dun she must learn to manage him. Charles trotted home; and the happy Emilia, for whom an elegant riding-habit was ordered from the nearest town, rode out daily into the fields with her uncle, the two Hennigs, and her beloved Seibold.

The first time she appeared in a close elegant riding-dress she remarked, with a heart fluttering for joy, that Seibold's eyes were every now and then riveted upon her, not with a smiling air like her relations, but with stolen glances and a clouded countenance. Seibold approached her in a timid

mid manner, and discoursed in a tone very different from that in which he had been used to address her. When the rest saw Emilia sit Yellow-dun courageously while he was prancing about, they set up a shout of joy ; but Seibold, with a heavy look, rode close by her side ; scarcely felt that he had hold of the bridle, and gazed upon her with long and wistful looks. He always remained close to her ; and she could plainly read in his eyes that he wished she would suffer the major and her brother to ride forwards, and that she might stay behind with him : but he scarcely spoke, accompanied every word with a deep sigh, and always broke off in the middle of his sentences without ending them.

Emilia now felt, with less triumph, but with more affection for Seibold, that she was not indifferent to him. Her heart beat high through the strength of her passion ; and she began to indulge in delicious dreams, which pleaded more powerfully for him than he could have done himself. The
major

major came back and said, with a smile, You two ride there as if you were attending a funeral ! And you look as grave as if you had quarrelled ! Seibold and Emilia were both alarmed, and rode home with the rest of the company on a full gallop. The confidence between Emilia and Seibold had ceased ; he no longer embraced her when she was alone with him in the parlour, and no more took her in his arms or placed her on his knee. The reason of all this was - - - because her riding-dress became her so well.

Emilia went into the garden, and Seibold followed her with slow steps for almost a mile. When he approached her she blushed. She hung upon his arm as usual ; but they did not enter into a conversation. It appeared strange to the major, how people could walk so long without becoming tired. But what would he have said, had he known that they had not spoken ten words together ?

Seibold now felt with more force than ever that Emilia was a most enchanting girl.

girl. Her noble figure, which appeared with great advantage in a close riding dress, and her youthful swelling bosom, which heaved with every sigh, excited in his breast, when he cast his eye towards her, such violent and strange sensations that he could not venture to direct his looks straight forwards. He, indeed, did not call his sensations love ; but he said to himself, I should love the girl till my latest breath, were she of the same rank ; and he was not sensible that this thought implied the same as if he had said, I will love her till my latest breath.

This deception could not long continue. Seibold's situation was painful, and he observed only too soon that he loved Emilia notwithstanding her high rank. The idea of this made him tremble, especially when he thought, And Emilia loves me ! But whether he trembled for pain or through rapture he was unable to tell.

A thousand times did he rub the wrinkles from his forehead ; but they still returned.

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Things shall not remain in this state, said he at length. I must contrive means to free myself from this destructive passion; and yet my distracted imagination presents nothing to my mind but ways for getting possession of the girl.

He saw that it would be impossible for him ever to call Emilia his own, without incurring the hatred of her relations; without enticing her from her father's house, and without exposing both her and himself to the miseries of a wandering life. Emilia, he was sensible, would not condemn such a step; and he believed that, at last, he might depend upon the major's support, if not on his approbation. His imagination painted a border of roses around the picture of his flight with Emilia; but he was accustomed to submit all his actions to the judgment of reason, and it declared the present business to be an act of villainy.

When this sentence was passed, Seibold contracted his forehead into a frown; but he, however, assented. Yes, said he, and
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if I should be once more obliged to wander over the wide world with my dog and my shadow——By every thing that is sacred, rather with these than with Emilia——rather with these than with an act of villainy on my conscience !

So far every thing had gone on well ; but now came the consideration, what means were the best for relieving himself and the girl. Of himself he entertained some doubt. But in regard to Emilia, there seemed to be no other means than to deprive her of all hope. He resolved to appear cold, cheerful, and happy ; to joke when she sighed ; to laugh when the tears stood in her eye ; and to dance when she was wandering about with the slow pace of disappointed love. These resolutions were easily formed ; but to put them in execution was much more difficult than he at first imagined.

He went to the major, whom he found with Emilia. To-day he was obliged to study his expressions ; and he spoke in a
certain

certain tone of harshness, which with him was very uncommon. He affected a turn of drollery as far as possible; but when Emilia stepped up to him, stretched out her hand, and said, in an affecting manner: Seibold! he appeared as if ready to drop down. He found in a little time that it would be best to shun her company altogether; and he actually did so, though he felt the utmost pain at every step by which he was removed from her.

This resolution he could not long have kept; and therefore it was fortunate for him that Emilia received a message to return to Moorberg. Seibold's horse was ready saddled for him: but he stood at the window; resolved to go, and then not to go; took up his hat; threw it aside, and assumed a dejected look. He at length went below, halting, without his hat. I have sprained my foot, said he, in a violent manner, and must remain at home. When Emilia went up to him to take leave, he hung down his head. She stretched
out

out her hand, and he laid hold of it as if he never meant to let it go. The major, at length, said : Tell me, I pray, how long time you two mean to employ in taking leave ? Emilia, you must set off !

Emilia drew back her hand ; and they both looked at each other as if that moment had been their last. When Emilia rode away with the rest of the company, Seibold retired to his apartment ; threw himself, with agitation, on a chair, and exclaimed : She is gone ! She is gone ! And he would almost have run below to ride after her, had he not been afraid of the major's ridicule.

In the course of twenty-four hours his mind became much calmer. He recalled in imagination the enchanting image of Emilia ; and for whole hours fancied that he was standing by her side, or encircling her with his arms. But he would then check himself, and say : What a contemptible wretch I should be were I to add fuel to the girl's passion ! However much the sacrifice cost him,

him, he answered Emilia's long animated letters, in which her affection was so clearly displayed, with a few short sentences expressive merely of civility. He condemned the manner in which she ridiculed her own rank, as ingratitude towards Providence; as the effect of romantic ideas overstretched. In a little time he substituted cool reserve for the ancient familiarity with which he had addressed her. The sensations of his friend were hurt by this change; and in her next letter she wished for the old familiar appellations to which she had been so long accustomed; but Seibold turned her remonstrances into jest, and persisted in his plan. Emilia was perplexed; she resolved, therefore, to try another method, and for a considerable time did not write to him. This also he endured; and, in return, was silent. She then wrote to him again in a strain of much greater tenderness than before; and she saw from the answer, to which some lines had been added by her uncle, that Seibold considered her letters

as a common good, and always communicated them to the whole family.

She went herself to Sollingen ; but Seibold seemed so cheerful, so easy, and so free from care, that her love, which was just ready to burst forth and betray itself, was obliged to retire back and conceal itself in the innermost part of her soul. — Seibold was a man of honour ; and had the courage to continue to act the part he had assumed, however difficult he might find it. He dreaded nothing so much as that a confession of Emilia's love might some time escape from her lips. Against this decisive moment he endeavoured if possible to be on his guard. He said in her presence, and accidentally as she thought : Major, you found me with my dog and my shadow. God grant that no one may find me again in that condition ! I should leave Sollingen with reluctance.

Leave Sollingen ? replied the major, squeezing him by the hand. God forbid ! What could induce you to do that, Seibold ?

My duty, major—a conviction that removing from it would preserve me from being guilty of a bad action.

It must, indeed, be a singular event that could really induce you to quit Sollingen.

It must, major. But I assure you that, in such a case, I should not hesitate one moment to leave your house, in which I have been so happy.

While Seibold pronounced these words, his eyes sparkled with animation. Emilia became pale; for she now saw herself in danger of ruining a worthy man, and of rendering him unfortunate. She quitted the room; gave vent to her grief in a flood of tears; concealed her love, which was now more enflamed than ever, with the greatest care; and left Sollingen, fully convinced that Seibold was lost to her for ever. Ah! thought she a hundred times, if I only knew whether he loves me! Her mind was violently agitated by this tormenting doubt. Seibold had formerly been so free from prejudices; he had so often declared

declared family pride to be the most foolish of all, and now?—She indeed plainly saw that their situations were totally different. She could generously offer him her hand; and he, if he wished to be equally generous, must refuse it. But, said she, with some peevishness, Should I not then be happy with him? Does he not reflect that I can be so with him only? Oh! if I could but only tell him how much he injures me by believing that he acts right! What answer would he be able to return?

She considered in her own mind the grounds on which Seibold would be able to defend himself; and now she clearly observed, for the first time, the dreadful difficulties which opposed the accomplishment of her wishes. She, at length, saw that there was no other way of becoming Seibold's wife than to elope with him. But what would be the consequence? thought she. Should I by these means be happy?—She saw, also, at the same time, that Seibold would not readily venture to undertake such
a step.

a step. It is possible, thought she farther, if Seibold only knew my heart, and that I would sacrifice every thing—rank, fortune, my country and peace—for the happiness of living with him. But he would not believe it, added she, with agitation—I know him! He would consider this to be the consequence of the romances of my governess, and think me still a child. I must be silent. I dare not tell him what I might be to him.

Such were Emilia's reflections; but every thing remained as before. Accident, at length, effected a change, and brought new life into both families.

Charles, who was in his nineteenth year, went about this time to the capital, to commence his career at court. He had assumed the title of a gentleman of the bed-chamber; and he now found himself quite in his element. His letters were filled with accounts of the happiness which he enjoyed; and courtiers, who had become old on that slippery theatre, assured the enchanted mother,

ther, that her Charles seemed to be as much fitted for court as if he had been born in it. He indeed distinguished himself by a variety of talents and properties rather uncommon in a court. His behaviour was marked with modesty, attention and diligence. He acquired also, very soon, those qualities peculiar to courts : he spoke quick and with softness ; had a continual smile on his countenance ; never seemed embarrassed ; could carry on a conversation with great dexterity ; was able to keep a secret, and yet had about him a certain mildness for which he was much admired. He was soon taken notice of by one of the royal princes, who engaged him in his service. The prince possessed talents, and Charles was acquainted with a thousand things which he would have sought for in vain among the other courtiers. He read some works on statuary ; got by heart the names of a few painters, together with those phrases which expressed their style of painting ; and could, indeed, now converse better upon

paintings than any other person at court. Wherever the prince went, whether on foot, on horseback, or in his carriage, Charles was always in his company, and seemed thus to have attained to the summit of happiness and bliss. In the course of six months he was so polished, so free and easy in his address, and every thing he said was so natural and polite, that his old acquaintances could scarcely have known him.

His brother Hennig, just seventeen years of age, was a slender youth, with sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and a noble dignified gait. One might discover by the first look that he had never trod the floor of a court drawing-room. He was somewhat wild, and would have cut a good figure in a rustic dance at a harvest-home. When on horseback, he always rode at a full gallop. He smoked tobacco like his uncle; and, to please him, drank sometimes a glass more than he ought to have done, without being fond of drinking. His dress was natural and proper; but there was still something
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in it which displeased the ladies. He was such a fear-nothing, that he would throw himself from his horse on full gallop, particularly in the presence of women, or undertake some dangerous feat of the like kind. In conversation he was extremely patient; but when once irritated he became violent and fiery: in a word, he was a young man full of caprice and whim.

With Emilia, who was now sixteen, the reader has been made acquainted already.

Just about this time count Espenbruch, a man of great wealth, purchased an estate in the neighbourhood of Moorberg. He went thither to reside, and carried with him his daughter, an only child, and heiress to his whole fortune, a girl of fourteen years of age, whose riches and beauty had already been celebrated by the voice of fame. The old selfish count, a man of great form, but at the same time highly respectable, had long resided as envoy at Ratisbon. He had been present at the coronation of two emperors, and was much attached to

the old Spanish etiquette, to which he had been accustomed from his youth. He left his own court, which he had long served, because the young prince had twice admitted men of plebeian rank to his table, and had invited two beautiful young ladies, the daughters of two respectable citizens, to a court ball. The old count was not what might be called proud: on the contrary, he was rather very civil to every one, but he had still something in his manner which was ill suited to the manners of a court. Every thing in its proper order! said he; quarrelled with his prince, and requested leave to resign. His request was complied with; but the young ladies did not go to the ball, for the father was prudent enough to say, also: Every thing in its proper order! They remained, therefore, at home. The marshal of the court said to the prince: Your highness will gain nothing by seeing these pretty girls; and the ladies of the court will take it ill to be neglected. As the prince continued firm to his purpose, the

the whole court in a body made a remonstrance against it. The prince frowned; turned round on his heel, and said to himself: So one must continually pass one's time amidst languor! And every thing remained as before, except that count Espenbruch resigned his place, and retired to a pleasant country seat not far from Moorberg.

As soon as Mrs. Halden had procured proper information respecting her neighbour, she conceived that the count's little rich heiress would be an excellent match for her Charles. In a few days, the count, accompanied by his cousin, who since the death of his lady had managed his domestic concerns, went to pay a visit to the chamberlain. Mrs. Halden, who was already acquainted with his ceremonious character, received him at the bottom of the steps, and with every mark of respect. The count was highly pleased with this attention, and said to his cousin, as he went back: These people know life!—What a pleasant

woman ! answered the old lady, who in the course of half an hour had learned from Mrs. Halden a thousand novelties respecting the whole neighbourhood.

In a little time the count went to Solingen, to pay a visit to the major ; but here no one came to meet him. Who in all the world, Hannah, said the major to his wife, throwing up the window—who in all the world comes here ? An old man with a ribband, and all daubed over with lace ; and an old woman with a train so long that it is enough to cover the whole stair from top to bottom ! He had not yet learnt that a count resided in his neighbourhood. At the desire of his wife, he went to the door to receive the strangers——But what a mistake ! in his night-gown, and with a lighted pipe in his mouth.

I am count Espenbruch of Ransleben, said the old man. I have thought it my duty to pay you a visit, major, and I request——What the devil, replied the major, interrupting him, have you purchased Ransleben ?

leben? I wish you joy. I hope you will make free in my house. A dish of coffee, a pipe of tobacco, or a glass of wine, are at your service, count. You will find me a plain honest neighbour. You are exceedingly welcome. And so saying, he presented his hand to him. But the count shook his head; for the major smoked his pipe with much composure, called to the servants from the window to give the horses fodder, and asked the count whether he had had them long. The count replied, that he had lately purchased them, and told him the price. The devil! exclaimed the major: You have been cheated, count! Thus did the major, without any bad intention, commit one blunder after another, in violation of good manners. In the mean time the lady told the major's wife what she had heard of the chamberlain; turned the discourse to balls and court-days, and asked: Have you ever been at court? The major's wife replied, laughing, No—I am the daughter of a poor clergyman.—My God! re-

plied the old lady, sighing : See now !—A clergyman's daughter !

At this exclamation, the major's wife had almost burst into a loud fit of laughter. Little Hannah sat dressing her doll, without in the least taking notice of the strangers. The major's nephew, Hennig, came also into the room for a moment ; but, as the company were not to his taste, he again quitted it. Soon after the count took his leave. Major Halden, said he to his cousin as they were returning, may be a worthy man ; but he has not the smallest degree of politeness. Who in the world smokes when strangers come to visit him for the first time ? He ought at any rate to make some distinction !—From him, replied the cousin, nothing of that kind can be expected. His wife is only a parson's daughter ; and the mother of the little girl was a beggar. The young man whom your excellency saw is a son of the chamberlain, and has been adopted by the major ; but it may be easily perceived that he has
been

been educated by the major's wife. - I was a strange lady, and yet he kissed my hand.

Where should a huffar, said the count, who goes from the camp to a country retreat, learn politeness? It is a pity—he appears to be a worthy man—Well, we have done our duty, and now we shall see what he will do. Such was the conversation with which they entertained each other till they returned home.

In the course of a few days, the chamberlain's lady paid her visit with as much magnificence as she could. In conversing with the old cousin, she turned the discourse to the major; and both soon announced to each other, that they had a great deal to say respecting him. Mrs. Halden related very strange things of her brother-in-law; for it was to her a matter of great importance that no one should conceive an advantageous opinion of him. At length the beautiful young heiress made her appearance. Mrs. Halden did every thing in the most barefaced manner to pro-

cure her favour; shewed her every possible mark of attention; and represented her to her husband as the most amiable girl she had ever seen. On taking leave, she solicited her friendship for Emilia. The old cousin promised to go frequently to Moorberg, and to carry lady Louisa along with her. Mrs. Halden had not only shewn particular attention to lady Louisa, but also to the old cousin, whom she flattered in the most shameless manner, and to the old count, to whom she had behaved with the utmost politeness, or rather cringeing servility. On the way back she reflected on her plan with a look of satisfaction, frequently tossing her head; and she already imagined that she saw her Charles in possession of lady Louisa and her immense property. She returned home therefore in high spirits; and immediately packed up a great many articles of which she had spoken to the old cousin, and which the latter wished partly to see, and partly to receive as a present.

Not long after, the major, while riding out one day with Seibold, resolved to return the count's visit, and both set forwards to Ransleben, where they arrived about nine in the morning. They were obliged to wait for a quarter of an hour, because the count was not yet dressed. He at length made his appearance in due form, and was much astonished to see the major in his great coat. He soon asked who Seibold was. He is my friend, said the major, and my nephew's tutor. We rode out a little way, added he, to enjoy the benefit of the morning air; but I took it into my head to pay you a visit, and so we set out that moment over hedges and ditches. The count thought this address rather a little too blunt; but he behaved to both with decent civility. When they were gone, the count said: The major is a worthy man, as I before remarked; and the tutor appears to be a man of learning; but of politeness neither of them understands the A B C.

The old cousin now began to communicate the intelligence respecting the major, which she had received from the chamberlain's lady, and which was rendered still worse by her malignant tongue. The count was astonished. Hem ! said he : Does his own sister-in-law speak of him in that manner ? He must be bad indeed ! The count, therefore, resolved never to go near Sollingen again, however much he was pleased with Seibold's knowledge.

On the other hand, visits between the families of Moorberg and Ransleben became more frequent, and Mrs. Halden's friendship for the old lady increased.—The former already began, by affectionate squeezes of the hand, to lay a foundation for the execution of her plan. I wish to God, said she, that we were as nearly allied as I am with the major ! How happy I should be !—She now thought that it would be necessary to introduce her Charles at Ransleben as soon as possible, and she requested

requested leave from the count to have the honour of presenting him. She therefore communicated her plan to Charles in a letter, and he soon hastened thither on the wings of ambition. He rode over, with his father, to Ransleben, and in the course of this short visit gained the complete approbation of the count. He had not the pleasure of seeing his future bride, nor even the old lady who was to be his patroness; but his mother gave a fête, to which the family of Ransleben were particularly invited. The chamberlain's lady was quite enchanted with the behaviour of her son, and constantly admonished Emilia to take advantage of his presence, in order that she might form herself after such an excellent model. Charles assumed the man of consequence, and hinted that he could easily introduce Emilia at court, in the service of the consort of his patron the prince, or in that of his sovereign. But you must leave off that drooping of the head, Emilia, said he; that savours too much of the country,

country, and would expose you to ridicule. Emilia looked at him with a smile of contempt, and declared in a resolute tone, that she would never live in a court.

That comes of the cursed year, said the mother, that she lived with the major ! Yes, thought Emilia, with a sigh : but she continued firm to her resolution ; for solitude rendered her much happier than the court splendour of her brother.

A report of the gentleman of the bed-chamber's arrival, and of his amiable behaviour, had reached even Sollingen. The young man, said the major, ought properly to wait upon me ; but he is my brother's son. We must go over once more ; and I shall rejoice if he appears likely to turn out well. My dear Hennig, you must go also. But put on your best jacket, my dear boy. Charles shall see that we have got a taylor as well as he. And, dear Seibold, you must accompany us. That girl Emilia will harass me to death with inquiries after you, if I go to Moorberg without

without bringing you along with me. In a word, you must go, to please me, even if you have no inclination. You cannot imagine how much Emilia loves you. We will for once make a grand riding party. The squadron shall move early in the morning. As soon as the clock strikes six I shall be ready in my best uniform ; and before we depart you must all pass muster.

At six next morning, horses, with elegant saddle furniture covered with lace, were ready for the major, his nephew, Seibold, old Hennig, and two more servants, and they all immediately mounted and set off. Hennig, who was dressed in a scarlet jacket with gold epaulets, attracted very much the notice of his uncle. The boy, whispered he to Seibold with a smile, appears like the angel Michael. Only look at his figure and his countenance ! When he finds out a Hannah, she will not cost him so much trouble and sorrow as mine did to me and to my old Hennig.

When they entered the court at Moorberg,

berg, Mrs. Halden was so vexed that she could not help giving vent to an oath. This was the day appointed for the fête, to which she had invited count Espenbruch; and now bad luck had conducted to the house the major and her son. Ah ! added she, clapping her hands, and dressed out like a prince !

The whole company having entered, Emilia, quite out of breath, rushed into the room ; immediately made up to Seibold, and would undoubtedly have thrown herself into his arms, without thinking of her mother, had not the major caught hold of her. The latter pressed her to his breast with every mark of affection ; but her eyes, almost wet with tears, were constantly fixed on Seibold, who was so confused that he scarcely knew which way to look. Emilia having recovered herself a little in the major's arms, stepped up to Seibold with a tender reproachful air, and said to him softly, Have you then totally forgot Emilia? Mrs. Halden was so perplexed with
 think-

thinking in what manner she should get rid of these unpleasant guests, that she did not observe Emilia stretch out her hand to Seibold in a very affectionate manner. To-day, said she to the major, we expect a large company, and, I am sorry to add, of people who are not agreeable to you. She then named some persons whom the major indeed could not endure; and the latter called to Hennig from the window not to unfaddle the horses.

The young gentleman of the bed-chamber now arrived, and behaved with more politeness and decency than usual. The major was highly pleased, and told his sister-in-law how much he approved his conduct. Mrs. Halden assumed an air of great consequence, and spoke of the favour of the princes, and how much her Charles was beloved by the whole court. At last she wished to compare the eldest with Hennig; but here she was considerably disappointed. No, no, said the major, half angry, there is no comparison! Charles, as
Seibold

Seibold says, is like a tree cut into the form of a fan, which only throws its shade upon a window in order to shelter a lady's face; and which suffers the whole neighbourhood to be burnt and scorched as the sun chooses. But Hennig is like a high beech, extending to a great distance its shadowy branches, beneath which the fatigued traveller can lie down to repose, and which refuses its protection to no one. He is able, like Sampson, to carry with him the gates of a town, in order to make a passage for himself to enter. But Charles—he is so pliant that he could creep through a mouse-hole. You wished to get Charles introduced at court; and I am pleased that he is not eternally stunning me with princesses, and the like; but my Hennig—I hope you will not take it ill—when compared with him is a Sampson. There can be no comparison, therefore, look ye, between them.

But carry Hennig once to court, said Mrs. Halden, and see whether he will get himself promoted.

I will

I will not, replied the major: he has not been educated for it. But carry them both, like Robinson Crusoe, to a desert island, or among wild beasts, or among men, in danger, poverty, and distress, where the whole would depend upon having courage, on exertion, on labour, on enduring want in order to preserve existence; we should then see whether Charles would not stand stock still, while Hennig would be moving his arms and legs, his head and his heart, as quick as an earwig. No—there is no comparison whatever.

Mrs. Halden would fain have returned the major's own answer, Charles has not been educated for it; but she observed silence, that the major might this time return home in good humour; and the sooner he did so, it would, she thought, be so much the better. Emilia heard, with great astonishment, that her uncle intended to go before dinner, and begged he would stay. My God! Emilia, said the mother, you cannot be ignorant that my brother is always

ways uneasy in the company of the party who are to dine with us to-day. Why should we not spare him a few hours of unhappiness? You may accompany your uncle for half a mile.

This was agreed. Mrs. Halden wished that Emilia should put on her riding-habit, because she appeared in this dress to most advantage. Emilia, however, refused, because, according to her idea, it was ridiculous and unnatural to wear a habit except when riding. The mother at last obtained her desire with some difficulty; and she rejoiced to think that the company would see her daughter, who sat exceedingly well on horseback, as she returned from attending her uncle. The riding-dress was accordingly brought out; and Mrs. Halden detained the major till towards noon, that Emilia might not return too early. About twelve, when the whole company had just set out on horseback with Emilia, one of the servants announced that count Espenbruch was coming up the hill. In a moment

ment the young gentleman of the bed-chamber flew across the court, that he might receive the ceremonious count at the gate. As the count's carriage entered it, the riders were passing the draw-bridge, and this gave occasion to some confusion. The coachman endeavoured to check the foremost horses, but did not succeed in his attempt. The old lady was frightened and screamed out in the carriage, while her voice was every now and then drowned by that of the major, whose horse began to caper and plunge. Emilia held by Seibold close to the edge of the bridge, which had a parapet only three feet in height, and paid more attention to her neighbour than to her horse. By her uncle turning suddenly round she was squeezed up against the wall, and Yellow-dun became restive, and reared. Seibold laid hold of the bridle with so much earnestness, that he pulled it too tight, and this made Yellow-dun give a sudden spring, by which his fair rider was thrown over the parapet into the ditch of the castle.

The whole company sent forth a terrible and general scream. Seibold jumped from his horse as pale as death ; and exclaiming, My God ! leaped over the parapet, on the other side of the bridge, into the water. The major clung to his horse almost senseless. Young Hennig was dismounted in an instant ; pulled a lath from the wall ; ran to the bank of the ditch, and waded in up to the shoulders. Seibold, in the mean time, had caught hold of Emilia, and was swimming with her towards the brink, where he seized the end of the lath which Hennig held out to him. Both now raised Emilia above the water, and drew her to the bank. When the servants arrived from the house with ropes and other necessary apparatus, she was already rescued : but she had been exposed to no small danger ; for there was a mill not far from the bridge, and the water, which had a fall towards it, ran with great velocity.

Seibold now took Emilia in his arms, and called to some of the servants to fetch

a surgeon. One of the grooms immediately set out to the nearest town; and Seibold made no less haste with his sweet burthen towards the house. Hennig followed him with speed; and all the company returned, while the servants held fast hold of the horses by their bridles. The major was conducted by his old huffar; then followed the count with his daughter, who ran along crying, and asking every one around, O God! I hope she is not dead? And last of all came the carriage with the old lady exclaiming as loud as she could, I shall faint! I shall faint!

The young courtier, who at the time of Emilia's accident had been standing on the bridge, recovered from his fright as soon as he saw her in safety. He then went up to the count and made him a low bow; but the count did not observe it. After this he ran towards lady Louisa, who was endeavouring to pass through between the horses, and made her a bow also, with a handsome compliment: but she only stared at him; asked,
still

still pale with terror, Is she dead ? and in great trouble ran past him towards the house. The count was not received with ceremony ; but he did not take it amiss. Charles now helped from the carriage the old cousin, who complained bitterly of being thrown into such a terror ; and every now and then exclaimed, Ah ! I shall faint !

Seibold carried Emilia to her chamber, where he called out to the governess to pull off her clothes as fast as possible, and to put her to bed. The mother began to unbutton Emilia's habit ; but Seibold, with one pull, tore it open from top to bottom. At the request of the governess, he then retired into the next room till Emilia was completely undressed and in bed. One carriage after another now drew up before the house, so that Mrs. Halden was obliged to go to receive her guests, and to leave her daughter in the hands of the governess and her friends from Sollingen. Seibold stood by the bed-side in his dripping clothes, pale

as death, and in the utmost distress. Hennig stood near him, while the major lay in an arm-chair moving his lips, and with his hands folded together as if he had been praying. Lady Louisa, who had pressed close to the bed, between Hennig and Seibold, stood sobbing, and the water ran down from both over her without her perceiving it. Seibold having made Emilia swallow a few tea spoonfulls of tea, she again opened her eyes, and asked with a feeble voice, Where am I? Seibold sunk down before the bed on one knee, and exclaimed with joy, Emilia, my dearest Emilia, God be praised thou art still alive!—Emilia slowly stretched out her hand, which he kissed and bathed with warm tears. When the major saw Emilia's eyes open, he started up, crying out, God be thanked! and embraced every person in the room—Seibold, his nephew, lady Louisa, and the young courtier. Ah! my God, she is alive! cried lady Louisa, overjoyed.—My sister is come to life! exclaimed Hennig.

And now all the three, the major, lady Louisa and Hennig, rushed into the drawing-room, calling out, She is alive! She has opened her eyes!

God be praised! said the young courtier. God be praised! cried Hennig also, throwing his arms around him, and pressing him to his dripping breast. She is alive, mother! cried he again, embracing his mother as if transported. To every one who asked him, Is she alive? he replied Yes, embracing them at the same time, and made them so wet, that they were obliged to dry their clothes. The old lady jumped about from one corner to another, in order to avoid the madmen, as she thought; and the major retired to one of the windows, where he shed tears of joy.

Tranquillity was at length restored in the drawing-room; but Mrs. Halden soon entered it with her face as red as fire. As soon as she welcomed her guests, she had returned to Emilia's apartment, and had beheld there a scene which put her quite out

out of temper. She had seen Seibold kneeling by her daughter's bed, and Emilia leaning with her face on his shoulder, while he pressed her hand to his lips. Mrs. Halden was much incensed at this attitude, but was unwilling to speak, because Seibold had done her daughter the greatest service possible. She only said in a friendly manner, I am much obliged to you, Mr. Seibold, for having saved my Emilia.

He? asked Emilia faltering—Was it he who saved me? - - - - O Seibold! continued she then with a steadier voice, throwing her arm around his neck with the most ardent affection, must you save my life in order to learn that my whole heart is yours? Mrs. Halden did not entirely comprehend the meaning of these words; but she discovered it pretty nearly in Emilia's looks and tone. She would here certainly have burst into a passion, had she not been afraid that it might hurt Emilia. She requested Seibold to let her daughter enjoy a little repose, and in so polite a manner, that he

could not refuse. He therefore quitted the apartment, and went to another in order to change his clothes.

During this scene at Emilia's bed, the conversation in the drawing-room was engrossed by the accident; an account of which was thirty times repeated, without any person ever so much as asking once respecting her deliverer. Seibold at length entered in the chamberlain's great coat. The major ran up to him, pressed him to his breast in silence, and then said, Seibold, I cannot yet conceive in what manner the girl fell, and plunged so into the water. I have seen thousands fall round me by cartridges, and yet I never lost my senses; but when the girl sunk, I was just as if every limb of my body had been benumbed. And look ye, dear Seibold, I should be glad to know how you came to have the presence of mind to throw yourself over immediately at the other side? - - - That he did—That he did, brother, said the chamberlain. He dismounted from his horse, and sprung in-
to

to the ditch as if his whole bliss had been centred in it. My God, if he had not done so, my Emilia would have been torn to pieces by the mill ! The whole, brother, was done in a moment. Emmy tumbled over ; Seibold jumped after her ; and in less than half a minute the brave Hennig was standing——Come hither, my son, to my arms !—was standing up to the neck in water with a pole in his hand. Tell me now, Hennig, where did you get that pole so instantaneously ?

Yes, said the old lady, interrupting him, and my little romp there, pointing to lady Louisa, was in a moment out of the carriage, and down at the ditch. I trembled for fear lest she should spring in also.

Ah ! said lady Louisa, I was not able to stay in the carriage, even if I should have been drowned : I was forced to get out.

Wast thou, my noble girl ? said the major, pressing the young lady to his breast. May God, therefore, grant you an assistant in the time of need !

The count was much affected, though he considered it a little unpolite in the major to call his daughter a girl. He wished to embrace her, and found that her clothes were wet. Louisa, said he, have you been in the water? You are wet from top to bottom. The company surrounded lady Louisa, and felt her dress. The young courtier also laid his hand on her shoulder, and said laughing, My dearest lady Louisa, you are quite wet. She helped to carry Emilia to bed, said Hennig. And she stood by the bed-side, said the major, between you two, who were pouring down like two gutters.

I pity your ladyship, said Charles. You shall immediately have some of Emilia's clothes—You ought not to have done so! You will catch cold! I am extremely concerned for your health.

But take care, my noble girl, replied the major, that you do not fall into the water; for that young man is more concerned for his golden tresses, and the silk lining of his
coat,

coat, than he would be for the life of a human being. I have just now had a proof of it! I was so frightened that I became stupid; his brother ran into the ditch up to the shoulders; a person, no relation to us, jumped from the bridge to save his sister; and, in the mean time, he was hopping from one stone to another, that the horses might not bespatter his stockings—The devil! eh!—Dear uncle, said the young courtier blushing, I became stupid with fear as well as you.

The major was unwilling to put Charles to farther shame: he contracted his brows, therefore, into a frown, and muttered to himself, If it was so, then, it must be so.

Lady Louisa had been obliged to change her clothes, and when she returned the company sat down to dinner. The major, as soon as he entered the dining-room, said, This is Emilia's second birth-day, or rather baptism, and I must enjoy it.

The young courtier had laid hold of lady Louisa's hand, and was conducting her to-

wards the top of the table—Halt, cried the major, taking her from him; Emilia's godfather and godmother, deliverer and helper, must sit together at the head of the table. The whole company agreed with him, and all Mrs. Halden's nods and winks were therefore lost. Lady Louisa sat at the top, and Hennig and Seibold on each side. Those who have been wet should go together, cousin courtier, cried the major to Charles, and the stupefied too—I an old man, and you a young one! Come hither, sit down by me! Your father and mother must sit by the deliverers of their child. Mrs. Halden changed colour, but it was of no avail. She was obliged to place herself by Seibold, and the chamberlain by his son Hennig. I, poor sinner, continued the major, who could do nothing but pray, will content myself with the lowest place, opposite to these three jewels. Scarcely had he taken his seat, when he filled his glass and cried out, Long life to Emilia's godfather! The whole company joined in
this

this wish, and the major's cheerfulness began to promote good humour in every one present except Seibold, Mrs. Halden, the chamberlain and Charles, who were silent and confused.

Hennig, on account of his beautiful neighbour, became more cheerful and conversible. She called him godfather, and he styled her godmother. Laughter and good humour prevailed round the table; and amidst the clattering of the glasses nothing was heard but the names of Emilia, and the three wet guests who had shewn so much readiness to assist her.

While the company were thus indulging in joy, the dining-room door was thrown open, and Emilia entered slowly in a white dress, with pale cheeks, and her head hanging downwards. Emilia! cried lady Louisa, and every countenance was in a moment turned towards her. The major started up, and made a movement as if he wished to clasp Emilia in his arms; but she said, Dear

uncle, my first words are due to the preserver of my life.

Yes, Emmy, replied the major, you are right, nodding with his head, and conducting her slowly round the table to Seibold. The latter stood blushing, and Emilia, with tears in her eyes, stepped towards him. Several times she attempted to speak, but was unable to utter a single word. A general silence prevailed in the dining-room, and the eyes of the whole company were fixed on her and Seibold.

Emilia, at length, said softly, Dear Seibold, I am indebted to you for my life. With these words she drew from her finger a plain gold ring: Take this, continued she, as a pledge of my gratitude, and, pressing her lips to his mouth, added, Take this kiss as a pledge of my love. Seibold wished to interrupt her—Suffer me to finish my discourse, resumed she; I have a few words more to say—You have long loved me—Hitherto I doubted it; but this day you
have

have given proofs of it ; and I, on my part, have loved you ever since I first began to be conscious of my own sensations.

The major still kept nodding with his head, while Mrs. Halden listened with much attention and in great pain. Emilia continued : We both concealed our passion, and waited till that right which my parents and relations have over me should devolve to you. That has taken place to-day. Without you I should have been no more—I belong now to you—to you alone—and for ever. Accept my heart and my hand, I beg of you ; give me yours in return, and I shall be what I wish—every thing through you alone.

The reader may easily guess what change was effected in every face around the table by this address. The major gave over nodding—This may be a fatal tale, said he, and returned slowly to his seat.

Mrs. Halden started up and flew to her daughter. Dear mother, said Emilia softly,

but in a firm and decisive tone, be easy for a moment until you hear perfectly what I mean. Then turning to Seibold : I know well, said she, that you are capable of returning again to your former wandering life, and, as you said, with your shadow. That is perfectly right ! But hear now what I am capable of, and what I have firmly resolved ! If you leave Sollingen I shall leave Moorberg, and follow you as your shadow. Nothing shall stop me—I—

Child, cried the mother, in a passion, we must confine you—Go out of the dining-room this moment !—and with these words laid hold of her daughter's hand.

My dear uncle, cried Emilia aloud, have pity on your child ! I desire nothing farther than to be suffered to finish what I have to say.

The major started up with a gloomy look, and flew to Emilia - - - - I hope, brother, said Mrs. Halden in some warmth, that you will not incite a child against her mother ?

mother? - - - Go out of the dining-room this moment, continued she to Emilia, this moment!

The major looked at Emilia with as furious a countenance as that of her mother, while large drops of sweat poured down over his forehead. The Almighty God, cried he, alone knows what is here proper! Tell me, Seibold, what I should do. Seibold stood silent and pale as death. Mrs. Halden dragged Emilia to the door. Emilia disengaged herself, and the young courtier starting up went towards her. Do you sit down again, Mr. Jackanapes, cried the major. You ought to have exerted yourself two hours ago, when your sister was lying in the water! While Hennig is so silent, you - - -

The honour of our family - - - said the young courtier - - -

When she was lying in the water, continued the major, you stood gaping like an ape. Sit down! You'll never do much on dry

dry land. But speak, brother Toffel—you are a father.—The major's love for Emilia, who was still pale, and who still kept contending with her mother for leave to speak three words, at length prevailed—He tore open his uniform, and exclaimed, Dearest sister, in the name of God, you may be the cause of the child's death ! There you all sit as if nailed to your chairs, while I am obliged to exert myself alone. His trouble and vexation increased so much and so speedily, that he drew his sabre, and exclaimed, half frantic, and with tears in his eyes, Almighty God ! I could - - - Here all the ladies screamed out, and started up from their seats. Mrs. Halden suddenly quitted Emilia, clapped her hands, and cried out in a tone capable of exciting pity, Merciful God ! what an unfortunate mother ! Emilia heard this lamentable exclamation, and nature asserted her right. She fell down on her knees, and with a wild look and an afflicted tone said, Forgive me,
 dear

dear mother ! I shall go.—With these words she hurried from the dining-room, and disappeared in an instant.

This scene was distressful and affecting beyond all description. Hennig had reclined his head on the table, and remained in that posture sobbing ; the father sat as pale as death ; lady Louisa trembled like an aspen leaf ; the count was so confused that he poured half a bottle of wine into his glass, so that it ran all over the table before he perceived it ; the major contracted and relaxed his eye-brows with indescribable velocity ; Mrs. Halden cried through shame and vexation ; and Seibold stood motionless like a statue.

The young courtier slipped behind the major to Seibold, and, frantic with anger, said to him, though with some degree of softness, Find the way to the door, Mr. Tutor, if you please ! The major overheard him. Whom do you call Mr. Tutor, jackanapes ? The man who has saved your sister's life ? Gracious God ! had it not been for
that

that man, this house would have been a house of mourning—a charnel-house. It is little better still! Come along, Seibold—Hennig, you must saddle the horses—Come along, dear Seibold! Were she my daughter, by the living God this day should be her wedding-day! He who has lain in the water with a young girl, a hair-breadth from a mill-wheel and from death, ought to have a right to lie with her in bed. And that Emmy's love should have been so sudden I can easily comprehend; for the case was the same with me in regard to the favour of my life Hannah.

If she were your daughter, replied Mrs. Halden, you might do as you thought proper. But I will not bring disgrace upon my family.

Disgrace all the devils in hell! cried the major. He then ran to the window, and called out with a loud voice, The horses! The whole house was now in confusion; the guests slipped away one after the other, and made what haste they could

to get into their carriages ; the major conducted Seibold, who was so perplexed that he scarcely knew what he was doing, with every consoling mark of attention down the steps, and helped him to mount his horse ; the whole company departed either on horseback or in carriages. Lady Louisa said on the bridge, Here it was ! I would have given Emilia to him—It is an intricate case, replied the count—No, added the old cousin, the mother was right ; else, if people had the misfortune to fall into the water, we should be all come of plebeians.

The reader may here accuse me of carrying matters too far, and think it unnatural that a young timid girl should venture to pursue so bold a step—but still this step was exceedingly natural.

When Hennig had put up the horses he went to Emilia's bed-chamber, where he found her again dressed and sitting in an arm-chair. He expressed his joy at seeing her so much recovered, sat down by her, and remained with her for some time—

Now

Now it has so happened, said he, laughing, that this tumble of yours, and Seibold's jumping after you, is to me worth an estate. I have long remarked what is the case with you and Seibold, and to-day every one might have seen it—Your mamma can no longer make any objection to you and Seibold being united. When this union takes place, the major and I will again become young—But, Emmy, now is the time to exert yourself!

Emilia was astonished to hear old Hennig speak of her love as of a thing that was no secret. My God, said she, does my uncle then know that I that ? Here words failed her, and she blushed.

Ay, replied Hennig, we have had experience, and we have eyes as well as other people. Mr. Seibold wandered about so melancholy, and sighed and panted for breath, just as the major when he was in love. And then the jump after you to-day! Your mamma now dare not make the smallest objection; for parents cannot refuse

use a daughter to the man who has saved her life. In such danger, what is the use of nobility or any thing of the like kind? It may be said, in such cases, Is not life more than the body, and the body more than a patent of nobility? Look at the birds—No—nobility there is out of the question.

Emilia confessed to the old faithful husband, that she would be exceedingly happy if she could be Seibold's wife.

Have you told Seibold so already? replied Hennig, overjoyed. Emilia shook her head—No—continued Hennig: and it immediately occurred to him, that his master's success with Hannah had been owing to expedition. Go then, this moment, miss Emmy, and tell him! added he.—Dear Hennig, replied Emilia after a short pause, that would be improper—I will consider a little.

Hennig here contracted his eye-brows into a frown—Improper! And consider too! The devil! Did Seibold then consider when you tumbled into the water? You fell,

fell; and he plunged after you—Consider! Ay, miss Emmy! had he considered only one moment, you would not have been here to be so unthankful as to wish to consider. Improper! Only see now! My heart and whole body, said the major, belong to him who saved my life. It is certainly improper that a major should kiss a groom; but your uncle does it though, without considering, and he would do it if we were both standing before the king. No, Emmy, were I in your place, I would go into the dining-room, and say, in the presence of them all, that I loved Seibold, and that I would be his wife. Your mamma will make no objection; for to-day she must hold her abusive tongue; but to-morrow, perhaps, she will not remember that Seibold saved her Emmy from the water—And then the major is there—He will instantly say Amen! Take care, if you once begin to hesitate, all will be lost. And it is said in the Bible: He who confesses me before men—Then Mr. Seibold will see how

how much you love him! Then every thing will be right, and Emmy will be a bride—Huzza! No, Emmy, you must not sit there any longer!

Hennig's ideas produced a very powerful effect on Emilia. She found something great and exalted in such a step, and she besides thought, The old man is not wrong—my mother will be overcome—and my uncle is there. Who knows what may be done?

The reader must recollect also, that the strongest sensations of gratitude, of love, and of joy for her deliverance, were still alive and active in her heart. She was, as it were, exalted above herself, and starting up said, in a solemn tone: Yes—I will. Hennig accompanied her to the dining-room door, which he shut after her, and said, laughing: I have opened the door of heaven for my old master. He now listened—Every thing was at first quiet, and then he heard a noise. Aha! thought he, they are already wishing them joy. He
was

was just on the point of opening the door and exclaiming, according to custom, Huzza! but he at length reflected that he was not at Sollingen. Had he come out with his huzza, he would have excited no little astonishment in the dining-room; for it was just at the moment when the major had drawn his sabre. Not long after, Emilia, with a pale countenance, and her eyes bedewed with tears, returned from the dining-room, hurried to her chamber, and said, sobbing: Unfortunate girl! Ah! why did he save me?—Hennig stole softly down the steps to the stable, where he heard the major call out “the horses!” and now he knew for a certainty that the whole plan had miscarried.

While they were on their way back to Sollingen, Hennig always kept at the distance of fifty paces behind the major, and did not betray, by a single syllable, that he had had the least hand in the business. Emilia's brother considered plans by which he might put his beloved tutor in possession

of his sister, and an elopement seemed to him to be the easiest. The major sat carelessly on horseback, and began to reflect who had most right in this affair—his servant or the mother. He revolved the matter over and over in his mind; but still the question seemed inexplicable. That the daughter could not give away her hand without the consent of her parents, appeared to him certain. But with the heart, said he, the case is otherwise; for that is gone before one is aware! and even when one thinks daily with respect on the fifth command. I have myself experienced it. But the heart without the hand! Hem!—That is a serious matter. He put spurs to his horse, and the animal made a spring. Halt! cried he aloud, thou shalt not have the spurs. But the learned ought to have them and the whip too, because they have not explained this point. To whom the heart belongs the hand belongs: that is right. But see now their damned tricks! It is right also, when reversed: To whom the

the hand belongs the heart belongs. Now, Emilia's heart belongs to Seibold, and he has honourably deserved it ; her hand belongs to him also, if we follow the Bible. But then comes the mother : she exclaims, Her hand belongs to me ; and in that she is right. What must an honest man then do ? I love Seibold, and I should dance for joy were he my nephew. With regard to nobility, that in this case is all folly ; for he dragged her from the water as the princess of Egypt did Moses. Yes, truly—There he is great enough. Moses became her son, and, had she been younger, who knows what might have been done ? Moses's parents durst not have said nay, even though she was a heathen. What trouble a man has in this world ! Here I must be tormented with thinking, as if I wished to have Emilia myself. But this, after all, in my opinion, is one of those cases which one had better leave to God Almighty, and where one ought to thank him if we get out of it with honour.

Amidst

Amidst such reflections, the major, with his company, returned home. He now laid the whole affair before Hannah, who having considered it over and over, and observing the major's uneasiness, agreed with him in opinion that it must be left to God. She, however, thought privately with herself, instead of God to Seibold. The major, also, when undressing, talked over the business with Hennig; and the latter confessed his guilt. Old man, said the major, stretching out his hand to him, you have undoubtedly been guilty of a foolish trick! Yes, replied Hennig, because I had to do with foolish people. Were they not so, we should now see whether they would not say: Hennig begins all his plans with judgment! Think only on the lady majorefs. The case was even so with other people.

That is true, said the major, and your intention was good—But tell me, Hennig
 - - - Here the major explained the whole affair according to his own manner, and

expounded to him the fifth commandment.

Why, replied Hennig, with emotion—why, I would ask, must children obey their parents? Is it because they receive life and so many good things from them?—Now, Emmy received life from her mother, and must therefore obey her. But, to-day, she received life also from Seibold; and should she not, therefore, obey him? And has she not been almost entirely educated by Seibold? And is she not indebted to him for that goodness which makes us all love her? Yes, it is a question who has done her most good—her mother or Seibold. For that reason, I tell you, she owes as much obedience to Seibold as to her mother.

This did not convince the major, and he soon saw how much these principles might be abused. No, no, Hennig, said he, the connection between parents and children is sacred. One may haul a hundred persons out of the water without having
much

much love for them. Were the case here the same as with parental love, premiums would certainly not be paid to those who save a fellow-creature. Parental love is more sacred. This I can never be persuaded to disbelieve, though I cannot exactly tell the reason. It stands in the Bible, and here in the breast.

And why does it stand also in the Bible, said Hennig, that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave to his wife? This must be still more sacred! And this stands in the breast also. You yourself have felt it. Had your father been alive and made any objection - - - - I should have liked to see what you would have done.

My father would have made no objection, Hennig. But had that been the case, I should have obeyed, or - - - - Yes, I do not rightly know what I should have done. The fifth command would have stood in my way.—It is far worse, look ye, to be disobedient to parents, than to kill a man. In that command

there is something sacred; and he who does not honour his parents is of no use in the world.

Hem! replied Hennig—But with Emmy and Seibold the case here is quite different, let you say what you please.

That is true, returned the major: and look ye, I would give one of my fingers if they could both be happy! I would cry with Seibold and Emilia to my dying day; and if I should never have another happy hour in my life, I will not make a hole in the fifth command. If the mother is wrong, she must one day answer to God for it. I have nothing to do with the business, as long as I do not know who is in the right. I shall give good advice, and that will be sufficient.

When Hennig was gone, the major began to think of his own daughter. What if the girl, said he to himself, should one day think proper to give her heart to another than to Hennig? Death and destruction! The mother is certainly right; for that

that I would not suffer were she even paler than Emilia. Or if Hennig should take some singular whim, and fix his affections upon another—I would—yes—But if she also should fall into the water, and if a handsome respectable man should spring in after her and drag her out! The devil! That would be a foolish business.—The major here hastened to his wife, and said: Hark ye, my dear Hannah, never suffer the little girl to go near the water, except when Hennig is with her! A thought has just struck me. Tell me, I pray, how do Hennig and Hannah behave to each other?

The major's lady had a very favourable account to give of their love to each other. Hennig, said she, is very much attached to the little girl, and Hannah has a sincere affection for her brother. At present she is still a child; but let her be a little bigger, my dear Fred, and every thing will succeed according to your wish. The girl grows as beautiful as an angel; and Sei-

bold thinks that neither her head nor her heart will be deficient.

Poor Seibold ! said the major, I wish he would repeat these words ! When he has enjoyed his sleep, I will talk to him again like a man. The major went to bed very uneasy, and was so much oppressed with care and grief, that he could not shut his eyes till midnight.

Next morning the major received a letter from Emilia, with the following words written on the cover : “ Dear uncle, read this letter to Seibold ; it contains the determination of his and my fate. Once more, dear uncle, I request you will read it to him, and the sooner you do so the better.”

The major went to Seibold, who received him with a hearty squeeze of the hand. I have here a letter from Emilia, said the major, which I will read to you. But first bolt the door, that we may deliberate together without interruption, as men and as friends. We shall hear what
advice

advice the girl has to give on the present occasion. The major then broke open the seal and began to read :

“ I write this letter to you, dear Seibold, not in tears, not amidst the perplexing tumult of passion ; but with all the tranquillity and reflection which my heart has been able to collect in the course of a sleepless night.”

More people have had a sleepless night, miss Emilia, muttered the major.

“ I have long loved you ; and you have known it for some time.”

The major looked at Seibold in such a manner as if he wished to ask : Is this true ? And the latter replied, Unfortunately it is.

“ You also entertained an affection for me—I can no longer doubt it.”

Seibold stood sighing ; and the major said : Is this true also ?

“ I have not much to say to you ; but what I say proceeds from the bottom of my soul. Nothing shall ever alter my resolution. This I assure you of, by that mo-

ment when I returned to life and saw you kneeling at my bed ! I can think of no moment in my whole life that can be more sacred, unless I should some day see you dying in my arms, I kneeling by your bed, and you assuring me that I had rendered you happy."

Here the major shook his head with great violence, wiped his eyes, and coughed away a tear which had just burst forth.

" I have maturely considered the extent of my filial duty, and I am every moment ready to plunge into eternity without shuddering."

Now, Emmy, said the major, God grant that thou mayest be able !

" Had I to choose between my own happiness and that of my mother, I would sacrifice my own without the least hesitation."

Right ! Bravo ! exclaimed the major. I wish the mother saw this letter !

" I would give my hand, without a sigh, to a man I did not love, could I by these means

means save my mother. This I know, and my mind is at peace."

And I also, God be praised! said the major.

"But ought I to sacrifice my happiness, merely that I may not wound a wretched prejudice of my parents? To require this, would be requiring that children should be sold as slaves to folly and vice. No, at this nature revolts - - - You, perhaps, will be of a different opinion. But prove to me that my mother has a right to demand such a sacrifice from me, and I will instantly give my hand to president Selenberg, for whom she intends it."

All the devils in hell! cried the major, starting up—Seibold, you must mount your horse and run away with the girl! There she is right. No, here the fifth command ceases, and all other commands too—Selenberg? Compared with that profligate, Judas and Cain were saints! A fellow as dry and withered as if he had hung a whole year on a gibbet! You do not know the

fellow, dear Seibold. He snivels through the nose as if the bridge of it were gone. He is a scoffer at religion, and a tormentor of men—a real Pontius Pilate, who washes his hands, and is guilty of every kind of wickedness!—What? Shall the girl be sacrificed to him? You must talk to her, Seibold. Are children then bound to obey parents who place them in the burning arms of Moloch, as we see in the prints of the Bible? for such a Moloch is Selenberg bodily.

Seibold had courage to persuade the major to be again composed. No, exclaimed the latter, this would be behaving to children as badly as the nobility in Livonia behave to their poor vassals—and even still worse; for the empress has forbidden that the poor people there shall be any more sold like cattle.—To Selenberg? God preserve us! That would be as bad as in Turkey! - - - But we must see what the poor sufferer says farther.

“ Yes, my mother destines my hand for
that

that contemptible man. O Seibold ! what I do is for self-defence."

That it is, cried the major ; and if she had fallen on the mill-wheel, that would have been self-defence also !

"I might offer myself and my hand to the first honest farmer I should meet, to avoid the misery which awaits me in an union with that worthless man. I could sacrifice my happiness—but my virtue, my sentiments of morality ? These must be lost if I become the wife of that wretch ; and such a sacrifice even God himself cannot certainly desire."

Merciful God ! exclaimed the major, must a daughter be obliged to speak in this manner of a mother ? He then threw the letter on the table. And Emmy, added he, is not the only one who has occasion to make such complaints. Merciful God ! It is a great misfortune, Seibold, that parents, in marrying their children, think of nothing but the money-bag ; a title, a large income, and then at most a fair name.

This is all that is taken into consideration; and few ever care what becomes of the virtue, or, as Emmy expresses it, the moral sentiments, of the young creature whom they thus dispose of. Now, look ye, my sister-in-law is not exactly so wicked as you may think; but totally ignorant of every thing that regards eternity. Very luckily my brother's disposition was suited to hers; she has not rendered him worse. Do you think, if I had had the misfortune to be married to her, that I must have now been a devil in wickedness, passion, and hatred to mankind? But no one reflects on this—Now we will read on.

“ I request you—you to whom I am indebted for the greater part of my virtues—to preserve these virtues for me also, and to deliver me from the abyss of despair into which my mother and my brother intend to plunge me.”

All the devils in hell! cried the major. Her brother! She means the young courtier. As I shall answer to God, if he once comes

comes under my sabre, I'll soon drive match-making from his thoughts.

“ If you still persist in your obstinacy, I feel, with tears in my eyes and my heart, that you would have done well yesterday had you abandoned me to the mercy of the stream. I swear to my uncle, to you, the man in whose hands are placed my happiness, my life and my virtues, to attach myself to you, and not to suffer you to throw yourself on the wide world as you propose. On the other hand, I promise to remain tranquil and to await my fate, and—when you can convince me that it is my duty to resign the happiness of my life for the sake of a prejudice—to give my hand to the first person I meet, provided he be an honest man.”

There is a letter! said the major, which ought to be printed, with a dedication to all mothers. But what is it she writes there of your throwing yourself on the wide world? You will do no such thing! No! —I am fully convinced that you will remain

main like an honest man, and do what is your duty ; and lie in wait to see whether my sister-in-law will not in the end be obliged to surrender.

Lie in wait, major ? said Seibold—You did not speak that from your heart ! When it is my duty to go ?

Duty ! And the poor man sprung voluntarily from the bridge ? Lie in wait ! That truly is a blackguard word. Yes, a man is often drilled so long, till he is obliged to turn out something at last ! — — — But if it should be consistent with your conscience that Emmy be your wife—what then ?—Speak..

Then ? O ! I should be afraid of expiring under such a load of happiness—Emilia mine ! O. God !

It is settled, my dear friend, exclaimed the major embracing Seibold. I, however, do not yet know how we shall reconcile it to our consciences—But some means will occur—My dear Seibold, you must, therefore, stay here at Sollingen.

After

After much entreaty, Seibold promised with a hearty shake of the hand. The major then ordered his charger to be saddled, and rode over to Moorberg on a full gallop, because he was anxious to know whether any hurt had befallen Emilia.

The major indeed found, that she had not been so badly treated as one might have expected, considering the character of her family. The mother had fallen into a violent passion when she found the dining-room empty. She, however, only retired to her own chamber, and wept bitterly through shame and vexation. Her husband also had stolen to his room to be out of the way of his wife, and to teach one of his bullfinches a new song. But the poison of gall and bitterness continued to ferment in the breast of the young courtier.

He clapped his hands together with great violence, and exclaimed, I wish that madman had done - - - - What does it concern me? But the voice of scandal, which cannot be silenced! The court will certainly hear

of this ridiculous affair, and I shall be exposed to universal laughter. I wish the devil would fetch that wicked major with his cavalcade! It would seem that some evil genius is continually throwing him in the way to produce mischief. He considered therefore a few minutes what was to be done, to check, if possible, the tongue of scandal, and then went to his mother. As soon as the latter found that she had got a person with whom she could converse, she gave full vent to her rage against Emilia, the major, and Seibold. She then started up, and attempted to go to her daughter. Charles stopped her. Dear mamma, said he, we have cause to lament that Emilia, and others of the like stamp, always blindly follow the impulse of their sensations. At present you are in too violent a passion, dear mamma, and would commit some outrage against Emilia if you go near her. She then would be exasperated, and, through obstinacy, refuse to do what you wish. What use is there
of

of making a noise? Nothing—but to give the servants a subject of conversation with the neighbours. We must truly be on our guard against the voice of scandal. Do you imagine that Selenberg would marry a fool, who had been confined in order that she might not run away with a common fellow? She will not run away, I engage for it.—The mother suffered herself to be softened by these arguments, and then considered with Charles, in what manner it would be necessary to behave towards Emilia to induce her to bestow her hand upon Selenberg.

There can scarcely be a more contemptible character than this same president Selenberg. Possessing a sanguine temperament, he had been corrupted at an early period of life, and soon became a most abandoned voluptuary. Having travelled through France and Italy, where he exhausted the last powers of his body, and the last remains of moral sentiment, he returned back like a walking skeleton. He
was

was not destitute of abilities, and had a certain engaging manner in his behaviour. For this reason he was much beloved at court, especially as he had immense riches, which he acquired by legacies, and could give public *fêtes* with great taste and magnificence. When abroad, he was always cheerful, and could banish all that sourness of disposition which arose from his bodily infirmities. He had all the accomplishments of the great world—civility, politeness, and taste; but not one of the virtues, which he considered as very ridiculous; and only one vice, which was—voluptuousness. This passion ruled over him with such imperious sway, that to gratify it he sacrificed every thing else in the world. In other respects he was exceedingly harmless, and did injury to no one, except when pleasure came in the way; and then, indeed, he could become a tiger.

This man had seen Emilia at Moorberg; and her rosy complexion, her slender elegant figure, her languishing dark sparkling eyes,

eyes, and in particular her simplicity, excited in the enervated voluptuary the vigorous sensations of youth. His eyes followed every step and every movement of the beauteous maid. He addressed her with the most refined flattery, and yet she scarcely took notice of him. This neglect, however, was a stronger stimulus to his desires; and he could not resolve to give up his hopes, as he had already found so many women listen to his proposals, or had seduced them in the course of time. This wretched voluptuary did not understand that the languishment in Emilia's dark sparkling eyes might be something else than the languishment of impure passion; and he deceived himself, as he had often done before, without having yet been convinced that there was any such thing in the world as innocence and purity of soul.

Emilia, however, began to shun his company, because she learned how dissipated he had been; but still he was so little master of himself, that he was not able to
give

give up his plan. As soon as Charles arrived in the capital, Selenberg had cultivated his acquaintance; and with much artfulness induced him to believe that, by his interest, Emilia might obtain a place at court. His applications for that purpose did not succeed; but he became still more intimate with Charles, shewed him indeed very great civilities, and taught him in what manner he could secure himself from falling on the slippery stage of a court. With all this Selenberg did not advance one step farther; and what Charles told him of Emilia's character gave him no hopes of being ever able to seduce her. He was thus obliged therefore to determine on a measure which he had long guarded against as a piece of folly. He said to Charles in the most natural manner possible, with great art, and after long preparation, I love your sister, and request your intercession, as my highest ambition will be to obtain the hand of that enchanting beauty.

Charles gave no positive answer, because
 he

he was already well acquainted with Emilia's aversion to Selenberg; but still this declaration gave him great pleasure. As he was a young man possessed of so much ambition, it was impossible that Emilia could be disposed of in a manner more advantageous to him; for Selenberg was rich, enjoyed rank as well as personal respect at court, and, on account of his family, had great influence throughout the whole country. Besides, Emilia herself, thought he, will soon be sensible that a husband like Selenberg will be the most agreeable—She can live with him as she chooses.

When he returned to Moorberg to be introduced to count Espenbruch, he communicated to his mother Selenberg's declaration, and explained to her all the advantages which he might promise himself from Emilia's marriage with the president. Selenberg, said Charles, has great influence also over count Espenbruch!—Much less than this would have been sufficient to
gain

gain over the mother to his side. Both now consulted in what manner Emilia could be induced to comply with their wishes, notwithstanding her aversion to the president.—Gracious God! would the major have exclaimed, had he heard this conversation; the mother well knows the aversion of her daughter, and yet----- But so it goes in the world daily.

It was resolved that the best method would be, to gain over Emilia by degrees, and Charles had already begun to paint out to her the pleasures of living in the capital and at court. She indeed scarcely paid any attention to what he said; but this did not discourage him, and he imagined that, by repeating the same thing under new and brighter colours, he should at length obtain his end. His eyes, however, were at once opened by the bold step which Emilia had taken. He now found that there were great difficulties in her heart, but, at the same time, that there were means for removing them. A plan
was

was concerted with the mother, and Charles then went immediately to his sister.

Emilia was alarmed when she saw her brother coming, because she suspected that he was the messenger of very little good. He laid hold of her hand, and said in a compassionate tone, I pity you, my dear Emilia. I am perfectly sensible that a young heart like yours may be easily led into such agreeable errors; but, my dear girl, do not take it ill—to attach a value publicly to such a passion, which certainly no one at table except yourself, your lover, and at most your uncle, believed to be serious, was --- was ---- If I only knew, my dear Emilia, what induced you to declare publicly what you ought, without all doubt, to have declared in private! for it is hardly possible you could believe that mamma would ever consent to such a romantic union as that. Seibold saved your life—Yes—But then you cannot employ that as any argument; for, if the swine-herd here at Moorberg had drawn you from the water

ter - - - what would you say if he should ask your hand as his reward? It is evident, therefore, that on this circumstance no right can be founded. I would have given a thousand crowns if you had held your tongue.

Emilia made no reply to her brother, because she placed no confidence in him. You have now, continued he, made this disagreeable business known to the public; and it is only such a speedy step that can retrieve your good name, and render your mamma easy. Poor mamma! If you continue in your resolution it will be her death! —Her death? said Emilia, turning instantly pale. Her death? My dear mother! O Charles, if I durst see her?—Yes, my dear Emilia, replied he softly, she longs to see you. She is heart-broken, dear sister. Indeed you have not treated her with kindness!—Emilia here started up, bursting into tears, and requested him to conduct her to her mother.

Charles wished first to prepare her for the interview;

interview ; but she rushed past him to her mother's apartment, and he followed. Mrs. Halden was sitting on a sofa, with her face reclined on a pillow. Emilia threw herself at her feet ; laid hold of her hand, and, while she pressed it to her lips, bathed it in a flood of tears. The sensations of maternal love were awakened in Mrs. Halden with the most melting tenderness. She raised her face from the pillow, and looked at her daughter with eyes moistened by the pearly drops of sensibility. This posture, and this look, were so uncommon in the family, that both felt in a more affecting manner what a mother is to a daughter ; and what a daughter ought to be to a mother. Ah, Emilia ! said the mother, while her words were interrupted by sighs. Emilia stretched out her hand to her, and replied : Dear mother, forgive me—I will do every thing you desire—yes, every thing.

Every thing ! said Mrs. Halden, throwing her arms around Emilia, and pressing her to her breast. This tender embrace,

which Emilia did not expect, completed the mother's triumph. At this sacred moment Emilia did not feel that she was a daughter. Every thing! every thing! exclaimed she, that you desire.

I now again acknowledge you for my daughter, said Mrs. Halden. I desire, then, that you will give your hand to president Selenberg.

Emilia grew pale, and every limb of her body quivered with the most violent agitation. She turned round in despair, and raised her trembling hands towards heaven. Name any other man, dear mother, said she at last in a soft tone, I will accept of his hand—I will be miserable because you wish it—but name another man!

Why will you not have Selenberg? asked Mrs. Halden, while her countenance became as red as fire—Why? Tell me your reason.

Because he is a dissipated disgusting man, replied Emilia. O! dear mother, I request of you—

Be

Be prudent, Emilia, returned Mrs. Halden. Selenberg is a man of distinction, much esteemed by the court; he is possessed of great riches; and, on account of his family, has the best interest. He has been wild, I allow; but all young people are so—you will soon reform him.

Ah mother! said Emilia, is your daughter then destined to reform worthless men? Must I not be happy myself?

You will be happy, continued Mrs. Halden, if you marry Selenberg—You will be rich, honoured at court, and in a condition to assist Charles in his views.

O dear mother, can I doubt to assist Charles? Am I not your child also? Have compassion upon me, for God's sake!

All this is folly—In one word, you must—your hand Charles has already promised to Selenberg.

Charles! said Emilia, looking earnestly at her brother. If he has a right to promise my hand, I have a right to refuse it. Selenberg shall never be my husband—

This you may rest assured of, mother ; and so saying she became as it were lost.

I shall find means to compel you, said Mrs. Halden in a violent heat.

Emilia, said Charles privately, I know that your love to Seibold stands in the way. But only take a short view of the case. As the lady of president Selenberg, you will no longer be accountable to any person for your words or actions ; and here you will never have permission to see Seibold.

O thou detestable and abject wretch ! exclaimed Emilia aloud, while her eyes sparkled with anger and contempt. She then turned round abruptly to her mother, and said in a haughty tone, Mother, I would not sacrifice this bit of thread for the sake of that pitiful boy (here she tore away some of the bordering of her handkerchief). At present I will hear of no proposal in which that contemptible wretch there has any share. Saying these words, she walked out of the room with an air of indignation. The mother and son remained quite

quite thunderstruck ; and Charles, notwithstanding all his policy, did not know that he was caught in the net of his own meanness.

Emilia retired to her apartment, and Charles immediately followed her.

As soon as he entered the door, Emilia rung the bell, and her maid appeared. Emilia, said Charles, I have something to say to you alone. Emilia, without returning any answer, desired the maid to remain.—She must depart, exclaimed the young courtier with an angry countenance. And upon this the maid hastened from the room.

Charles began to speak ; but Emilia took her harp and played. Emilia! cried Charles with some warmth, I advise you----! Emilia in an angry tone replied, My mother has made you master of my hand ; but I am determined to remain mistress of my ears.—He was therefore at length obliged to leave the room, as she would pay no attention to what he said.

Mrs. Halden wished to employ severity, but Charles prevented her. Severity, said he, will only serve to make her still more obstinate. Emilia was therefore left to herself; but still she was narrowly watched. In the night-time she wrote that letter which the reader has already seen. Early in the morning, having observed a peasant passing, who had received some marks of kindness from her, she threw the letter to him from a window, and desired him to carry it immediately to Sollingen.

The major came over on a full gallop, and, as soon as he had alighted, hastened up the steps to his sister-in-law. How does Emilia? said he, when he entered, while his clouded countenance seemed to portend a storm.

The major was the only man of whom Charles and his mother were afraid. For a long time he had interested himself in every thing done at Moorberg, and he enjoyed in the family a kind of paternal respect. What he wished, however, was not done;

but

but all dreaded his open sincerity, which spared nobody. Dear mamma, said Charles often to his mother, tell the major plainly, and in earnest, that he has no business to interfere here!—Mrs. Halden frequently repeated the same thing to her husband. The chamberlain, in general, was obliged to do whatever his wife required; but on this occasion he was disobedient, and put her off with the following words: Tell that to the major yourself!—He was as much afraid of his brother as he was of his wife and Charles—Both the mother and son clearly saw that Emilia would not be compelled to yield, as long as the major retained his consideration in the family.

Emilia, replied Mrs. Halden to the major, is a fool, who has forgot the fifth commandment; and you will do a good thing, dear brother, if you will not confirm her in her folly. My husband and I are her parents; and we know ourselves how to manage our children.

Your husband?—My brother? replied the major. God help him! He has suffered the command to be wrested from his hands, and certainly does not know in what manner Emilia ought to be treated! Is Emilia in her apartment?

Yes—but I have forbidden her to receive visitors.

I am no visitor—I am her father's brother.

True! answered Mrs. Halden, but she shall speak to no one unless I am present—and with these words followed him.

What I have to say to Emilia, returned the major, as he was going along, may, for what I care, be printed.

As soon as the major entered Emilia's apartment, she flew to meet him with an exclamation of joy. My dear uncle! cried she, and threw her arms around his neck. The major pressed her to his breast with great pleasure, as he saw her so well; but he was still silent, because he did not know in what manner he should begin to speak

to her in the presence of her mother. Mrs. Halden never suspected that the major knew of her plan in regard to Selenberg; and said in a sneering manner: A pretty thing indeed, that an uncle should take under his protection a disobedient daughter!

Disobedient! said the major. What do you call disobedient?

Mrs. Halden was desirous of behaving to the major with as much condescension as possible, and therefore said: You will certainly not think it pretty that Emilia, openly, and in a public company, should offer herself to a man—I shall express myself in the softest terms—to a man not of her rank, just as if she had been made for a husband?

Hem! said the major, I do not think that pretty. I think it very indecent; and I thought so yesterday: but I can readily comprehend how Emilia might suffer herself to be overcome by gratitude. Yes—I think it indecent; but, continued he with a loud voice, while his eyes sparkled with

fury, I think it hellish, devilish, and more than devilish, that you wish to unite the girl to that exhausted skeleton, that rake Selenberg. What!—can you think of proposing such a young innocent, chaste girl, and who—I will say also—is deserving of love, to a man whose blood is nothing but diabolical poison from the Parisian brothels—and whose sins seem personified in his sharp meagre countenance, his dead glassy eyes, and his pale withered skin? Hell, death and the devil! Shall my poor neglected Emilia be a widow before she is a wife? Shall she droop before she can say of any one minute of her life, I have enjoyed happiness? Such is your intention with the girl; and you abuse her because she is inclined to give her hand to a virtuous, prudent man—a man to whom she is indebted for her life! - - - Be composed, my dear Emilia. Rather than that you should be the wife of Selenberg—I swear by my salvation, I will strike your brother's good-for-nothing head from his shoulders, and
 set

set fire to this den of robbery and murder. God knows, I never was an incendiary or a murderer in the land of an enemy, and yet they will here compel me to become both !

Mrs. Halden was much more incensed on account of the major's knowing her plan and wishing to defeat it, than on account of his abusive language. She pushed Emilia forcibly from her, exclaiming, I'll make you remember ! I'll teach you to talk so to your mother !—Emilia fell on the floor, rather because the push was unexpected than from the violence of it. The major raised her up. What ! said he, a little softer, because Emilia had excited his compassion, shall the child not complain to her only friend ? Shall she not stretch out her arms for help, when her mother wishes to sacrifice her to Moloch ? Here the major kissed Emilia, and pressed her to his breast. His pity, however, was soon changed into the most violent passion, and he exclaimed No : madam, you shall not behave ill to my father's grand-daughter !

Come, Emmy! The major then laid hold of her hand; conducted her into the hall, and called from the window, Hennig, saddle Yellow-dun! Emilia, you shall go along with me.

Mrs. Halden was sensible that every thing would be lost, should the major carry her daughter with him to Sollingen. She already saw, in imagination, Seibold united in marriage with Emilia. In the height of her vexation she hastened to her husband's apartment, and opening the door exclaimed, Come out and save your daughter!—The chamberlain, frightened almost out of his senses by the dreadful looks of his wife, immediately started up, and asked, Has another misfortune happened?—Charles in the mean time arrived, and his mother made him almost frantic, by telling him the major's intention. Brother, cried the chamberlain, in a tone half entreating half threatening, what is the meaning of all this in my house?—In your house? Have you still courage to speak, Toffel? If you are
here

here father and lord, tell me to whom do your wife and your son wish to marry Emilia?—To marry her? replied the chamberlain—I know nothing at all of it.

Shame upon you, Toffel! said the major—That young man there wishes to barter away your daughter's hand, and yet you know nothing at all of it! Yes, yes—barter it away to a profligate, for whom a strumpet would be too good—to Selenberg! You master in your own house? You are no better than a lodger, to whom that young man, by way of favour, allows one small apartment! - - - Emilia shall go along with me to Sollingen.

The young courtier here wished to interfere: but his mother desired him to hold his tongue; for the major, with a furious countenance, had already stepped up towards him. Emilia might now have rode to Sollingen without any opposition; but she approached her mother and said, Dear mother, promise that you will not say a word more respecting Selenberg, and I will

will remain here. Mrs. Halden promised; and Charles wished to promise also. Peace, young man ! said the major ; you have no business to speak here ! and I would advise you to leave off match-making, otherwise I shall give you such a drubbing that you shall not be able to walk nor to stand for a month.

Mrs. Halden made a virtue of necessity, and embraced Emilia as the best means of quieting the major ; and, indeed, on seeing this, he immediately became calm. Soon after he conversed a few minutes with Emilia alone. They will not keep their word, Emilia, said he.—That I know, dear uncle, replied Emilia ; but I will shew Seibold that I can discharge my duty, and that I am worthy of his love.—The major then assured her that Seibold should remain at Sollingen. He gave no encouragement to her hopes ; but she clearly saw that he was rather favourable than unfavourable to her love ; and she now rejoiced as much as if she had been already a bride. The major,
on

on taking leave, promised to come often to Moorberg, in order to enquire whether they kept their word.

The major was exceedingly happy, because he now found that no hurt had been done to Emilia; but her mother and Charles were, on the other hand, more displeased. Neither of them was yet able to comprehend what objections the major and Emilia properly had to Selenberg. It was not out of hatred to the girl that they wished her to marry the president. They both, indeed, knew that he had been dissipated, and that he had seduced innocent young women in the most infamous manner; but they thought such trifles might be overlooked, as he was exceedingly rich; descended of a good family; and was a man of the world, who had great interest, and was much beloved at court. How could Emilia ever obtain a better husband? And yet the major wished to destroy at once the whole of this excellent plan! The mother and the brother did not, however, abandon

abandon the idea of being able to bring Emilia to consent ; but they both saw that they must first contrive to get the hated major removed from having any thing to do with the business. Charles, therefore, devised a plan which he communicated to his mother to be put in execution. This plan was, that the chamberlain should formally forbid the major from having any intercourse with the family, and in a haughty and contemptuous tone.

It was no easy matter to induce the chamberlain to pursue a step of this kind. He loved his brother as much as he could possibly love any man in the world ; and besides, he had dropped a few words, from which one might have clearly observed that he did not consider the major at bottom to be altogether in the wrong. Mrs. Halden, however, already knew in what manner she should proceed with her husband. She whined, cried, and scolded so long, that he at length asked her what was the matter, and she replied by a whole string of complaints

plaints against her brother-in-law. He will soon bring me to my grave, said she; he alienates from me all mankind—my children, and even my husband. Have I deserved this at your hand?—The chamberlain contradicted the assertion, that the major wished to alienate his affections from her. She then began to cry and to complain louder, until he allowed that she was right—but he added: The major will never be able to succeed. Mrs. Halden replied: He has succeeded already, else you would not suffer this Satan to torment me.—What is it then you desire of me, my dear? said the chamberlain at length.—You must write to him, replied she, and tell him never more to approach Moorberg, and never again to call you brother.—My dear, returned the chamberlain, that is impossible.—Mrs. Halden now cried, complained, railed, and scolded again so loud, that the bull-finches were silent, the turtle-doves crept together, and the canary-birds flew about in restless confusion. As
all

all this was of no avail, she, at length, started up and exclaimed : I could strangle all these animals, for which you have more affection than you have for your wife ! To save his darlings, the chamberlain said, in great grief : My dear—yes, yes—You are right ; only tell me what I shall write.—Mrs. Halden here produced the form of a letter, which had been drawn up by Charles ; and the chamberlain sat down and copied it : but he sighed secretly over the harsh expressions which he durst not alter, because his wife was looking over his shoulder.

What the devil ! said the major, when he received the letter ; from brother Toffel ! This is a prodigy ! He read a few lines softly to himself, and then said aloud, half in anger, and half laughing : Hear, Hannah, hear, Seibold, what he says !

“ Dear brother,

“ I must request that in future you will totally abstain from visiting at my house, as you only sow in it the seeds of the bitterest

bitterest animosity between parents and children. You have incensed my daughter against me and my wife ; and in my house have committed acts of violence, which, if I sought for the protection of the laws, would bring you under the suspicion of being either a madman or a robber. I am the father of my children, and will continue so—I am master in my own house, and assure you that I will use my domestic right the first time you set a foot within my threshold."

I should make a public rejoicing, said the major, taking his eyes off the letter for a few seconds, if he had the courage to do what he threatens—all hope would not then be lost.

"I forbid you to carry on an epistolary correspondence with my daughter behind my back. If you do, I shall find myself obliged to set aside all brotherly considerations, and to call in the aid of public force against a man who"

How ! what ! exclaimed the major.

"who

“ who had the meanness to make a chambermaid his wife, and who now endeavours to persuade my daughter to marry one of his domestics.”

The major put the letter in his pocket with a clouded countenance; embraced his nephew, who just then entered the room, and, going coolly to his escritoire, sat down, and wrote as follows :

“ Brother Toffel,

“ I have received your letter, and see by it that you are still under the controul of your wife. The letter is written in your hand; but I hope, for the honour of our deceased parents, that it was dictated to you, or that you only transcribed it. In doing so you may have suffered as much as the patient Job. But the first pipe of tobacco I smoke, I will light it with your letter, that when you and I are both dead it may not fall into the hands of your son Hennig, who, no doubt, would be so much ashamed of it, that his cheeks would become as red as a boiled lobster. With regard

gard to domestic right, I care not a fig for it. As long as my sabre hangs by my side, I could drive you and your noble son with his smart clothes and his fine tresses, from Dan to Bersheba. Tell your wife that I have swallowed the last drop of her poison; and that it has given me pain. But it is now forgotten; for your son Hennig entered the room at the moment and embraced me. To conclude, I am your humble servant in every thing honourable.

“ Yours,

“ Brother Fred.

“ P. S. You ought to be ashamed of having suffered yourself to be prevailed on to transcribe what others wrote for you. It is a piece of meanness, take my word for it; and it grieves me to the heart that thou art like the wooden image which the princess Michal gave out to be David, 1 Sam. xix.”

When this letter was read at Moorberg, the mother and son sat down together, each with that kind of serious countenance which
people

people assume when, after hoping for something decisive in an affair, an incident occurs that renders it more inexplicable than before. Charles had said : The major will not come near us again !—And if he does, thought the mother, in the violence of his passion he will be guilty of something so evidently improper, that every body will consider him to be in the wrong. One of the two must certainly happen !—But to Mrs. Halden's great vexation, neither of the two happened. The major, it was expected, would have been offended and incensed ; and yet he had returned an answer with so much coolness, and, as they believed, in a style of ridicule and irony. In this, however, they were mistaken. The major wrote as he thought, felt and spoke ; and if he had read to them the letter with his bass voice, they would certainly have found him angry enough.

Mrs. Halden began to lament from the bottom of her heart, as she felt herself so unhappy by the conduct of her brother-in-law.

law. He does every thing in his power, said she, to vex me. He promised to remain a bachelor, yet he married, and a creature so awkward, that one cannot help blushing every time she is mentioned. He wished also to educate Hennig. But, my God! what has he made of the boy?—He was forced to keep company with all the beggars in the neighbourhood, as if they were his equals; and the child which they have got there they call his bride. A bastard brat shall never be the wife of my son! And now the polished major wishes to get Emilia under his care, that a worthless player, a fellow who strolled about through the country, may debauch her; and you, my dear Charles, he hates like the devil, because you do honour to your rank. Is he not already highly offended that you take notice of the daughter of count Espenbruch? Had she been a country wench, he would then have embraced you and kissed you—Oh, I well know his intentions! We must all stoop! You must all
three

three make as low marriages as he has done
—That is what he wishes.

Such were the complaints of Mrs. Halden, and such would have been the complaints of many others in the like situation. Most people are so weak, that they consider humanity as a better sort of madness ; and that injustice is done them when it is opposed to their inconsiderate tyranny. Hundreds of mothers who read this may, perhaps, think the major right ; but let them be placed in such a situation that they must choose for their daughter a worthless man of their own rank, and an honest man of inferior condition, and they will think and act exactly like Mrs. Halden.

The plan with Selenberg could not be given up, as the advantages of such an union were too evident. Selenberg, said Charles, is indeed so much exhausted that he can live at most only a few years, and Emilia then will be the richest widow in the country. How can the girl thus stand in the way of my good fortune and her own ?

If

If Selenberg becomes her husband I shall always rise at court, and by his influence obtain the daughter of count Espenbruch. If we could only talk prudently to the foolish major, he would see this himself. The one must follow the other as naturally as two does one. Emilia must certainly marry Selenberg, if I am to make my fortune; for, if she should give her hand to that beggarly fellow there at Sollingen, what family in the land, who have any regard for their own honour, would wish to be connected with me? Count Espenbruch must be afraid that his taylor or shoe-maker, in making out their bills, would say, My noble cousin, Debtor for work done, &c.

Mrs. Halden coincided so much in opinion with Charles, that she declared with an oath, Emilia should marry Selenberg. Charles now went to his sister to talk to her seriously on the business. He explained to her, with much eloquence, every thing he had said to his mother; and Emilia listened with great attention. Have you now

done? said she—If you have, then hear my confession of faith. You wish to rise; but I desire to know why? and for what purpose? That our family the Haldens, that our descendants may be great people, and possess the first places in the country. If that be the case, all the Haldens, both male and female, must, in future, follow our example, in order to retain their exalted stations; they must marry persons whom they detest, and give up connections with whom they could be happy. Now, tell me, which of our descendants is it that will at last have no occasion to act in this manner, and for whom I must sacrifice my own happiness?

Dear sister, rising in the world itself is a happiness.

Yes, for you, but not for every body, and not for me. You may rise as long as you please, because you find pleasure in it; but suffer me to sink, because I wish it. And - - - I can beat you even with your own weapons. The Haldens might rise;
but

but my children would be called Selenberg; and the higher your family should rise, the lower would mine sink. I must, therefore, sacrifice myself for strangers, and that, I am sure, you will not desire of me. To cut the business short, I will not—I will not accept of Selenberg; and now you may do what you please. You laugh? I assure you, that if I had no other choice than between Selenberg and the mill-wheel, I would, without hesitation, choose the latter. —You do not believe me, I well know; but put me to the proof—Bring Selenberg hither; and the first words I shall say to him will be, Mr. President, my mother wishes me to accept your hand; but I am determined I will not, because you are a debauched, dissipated, contemptible man —I would tell him so with the utmost indifference; and what would be the consequence?

You would make yourself an object of laughter, ridicule, and contempt, to the whole world, said Charles.

That to you is terrible, replied Emilia; but not in the least to me. For my part, I should not care if the world paid me no respect whatever.

Charles became somewhat cooler and more collected. Now, Emilia, continued he, if you have so little of the sister in you as not to assist me, be at least no impediment in my way. If you marry Seibold you will make me unfortunate. Every family would refuse me their daughter, because she must become the sister-in-law of a common fellow—a beggar. Promise now that you will not marry Seibold.

Emilia laughed. You wish to be fortunate, and I wish the same. To speak honestly, Charles, if Seibold chooses to accept my hand, it shall be at his service.

If Seibold chooses to accept your hand, did you say? I thought you already knew that he would. You joke, Emilia.

Seibold loves me, and would be unhappy without me. But yet he refuses my hand. Look ye, brother, I can often comprehend
you

you as little as you can such a man as Seibold.

Refuses your hand?—and Emilia, a lady of the family of Halden, would raise him to a respectable station!

Think now how dreadful! and yet it is so.—However, I have given him a ring; and if you can get it back from him - - - then I shall be miserable, exceedingly miserable! but free from my engagement. Such is the state of the business.

So, if I bring you the ring—said Charles, laughing, and waiting for an answer.

Emilia was silent for a few minutes, and then said abruptly, and with emotion, Yes! If he returns the ring—yes, then I shall think I have been deceived in my opinion of him—then I will assist you to rise, and be myself unhappy. With these words she retired to the next room.

At this period a romantic idea was floating in Emilia's brain. Her greatest uneasiness arose from not knowing with certainty whether Seibold loved her, as her uncle

had not said any thing to her on that point. She was in possession of no present from Seibold but a ring; and she was sensible that no one could take it from her without depriving her of life. She was, therefore, the more firmly convinced, that, by the ring which Seibold had received from her, she should be able to put his love to the test.

Mrs. Halden wished to treat her daughter with great severity, but Charles restrained her once more. What can you do with Emilia? said he—Will you confine her, and by these means make her still more obstinate? Every servant in the house is at her command; and she would certainly find means to get to Sollingen without our being able to prevent her. By severity we should give her reason to conceive some plan of this kind; and then every thing would be lost. At present, she is in a state of suspense between doubt and fear; and in this state she must be kept. The best method would be to persuade her; but that will be difficult. Or what if we should
 beat

beat her with her own weapon—sensibility! We have conquered before when our enemies remained inactive—we must not awaken her activity.

The mother at last left the whole management of the affair to her son, who advised her first to secure Emilia's love, because he was of opinion that they might then, with certainty, depend on her heart. Mrs. Halden clearly saw that he was right; and therefore resolved to treat her daughter with tenderness. Emilia's heart became now immediately softened; for she had found that the oppressive situation in which she had been in regard to her mother was highly unnatural. But Mrs. Halden did not employ this favourable moment of returning love to secure a place in the heart of her child. She was always teasing her with asking, Have you considered of it? Will you accept Selenberg?—and Emilia would with firmness reply, No!—The hour which began with love always ended by the mother throwing out bitter reflections and

violent threats, which never failed to render her daughter still more obstinate.

In a little time the major came over to Moorberg very unexpectedly. As soon as Mrs. Halden, who was then standing at the window, saw him at a distance approaching on horseback, she began to repent that she had compelled her husband to write so unhandsome a letter. She thought on family right; but who is entitled to exercise it? Her husband retired to his apartment to hide his pale countenance, calling out, as if quite frightened, There comes the major! Mrs. Halden, in the midst of her uneasiness, sent a servant to the door to inform him that the family were not at home, and then hastened into the garden to wait the effect of this falsehood. The servant delivered his message just as the major alighted. I am glad of it, replied he, and walked into the house. Mrs. Halden, furious with disappointment, ran to her husband's apartment, and called to him in a threatening tone, Go and meet your brother, and tell him

him you do not wish for any of his visits! —I must beg leave to be excused, replied Mr. Halden—you know my brother's disposition!—Mrs. Halden now heard the heavy sound of the major's feet in the passage. I told you, said the chamberlain to his wife, in great perturbation, that it was foolish to write that letter—But you paid no attention to my advice.

The major walked across the hall, and the door of Emilia's room was heard to shut. Mrs. Halden cried through vexation, and was scarcely able to tell Charles, who entered soon after, the cause of her uneasiness—If you will allow me, said Charles to his father, I'll soon dismiss the major—I dare not do it of myself; but, as you are master in this house, you may - - - -

I will still be master, replied the chamberlain in a mournful tone, in any thing where the major is concerned. But leave me at peace, I have nothing to do with it.

Well, I shall leave you then, said Charles with a sneer; but my uncle seems to place

himself above all law. Charles now stood with his hand on the handle of the lock, and made a long speech, in which he endeavoured to prove that the major had no right to come to Moorberg contrary to the inclination of his father. In the middle of his harangue he heard Emilia's door open, and retreated back towards the place where the canary birds were kept. The major opened the door abruptly; stepped into the room, and, with his arms stretched out and a smiling countenance, approached his brother. The chamberlain, who had hitherto stood in a timid posture, stretched out also his arms, as if mechanically. The major then embraced him; whispered something in his ear, and without saying a word more quitted the apartment. A general silence prevailed among the whole three; but as soon as the major had got into the court, Mrs. Halden began to pour forth a torrent of abuse against him; and, scolding her husband, desired to know what the rude boor had been whispering to him.

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I heard only, said the chamberlain, "the letter is burnt." I could not understand a word farther.—He had, however, understood perfectly well. The major had added, See, brother, how little it costs to keep a wife in proper subjection, and yet you have not spirit enough to do it!

They now went to Emilia, to ask what the major had said to her. He only enquired after my health, replied she. Mrs. Halden, however, cast a mistrustful look at her daughter, and reproached her in the bitterest manner; but she was obliged to be satisfied with the answer which Emilia had been pleased to return.

Charles thought that they might be exceedingly well satisfied with the major, if he never behaved worse than he had done to-day. He for a moment, however, entertained an idea of demanding the protection of the law against the attack made by the major on paternal right: but this would have given employment to scandal; and, as Charles dreaded nothing so much as the

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voice

voice of scandal, he thought that such a step might be reserved for a case of greater necessity.

Both the mother and the son were indebted to Emilia for coming off so well with the major's visit; for, to speak the truth, he had intended a very severe lecture for both. I must free my heart from its load once more, said the major to Hannah, who entreated him to stay at home. I must teach them, that they shall not write letters of that kind to me with impunity! Seibold, who was anxious to hear how matters stood at Moorberg, requested him, on setting out, to say nothing to Emilia of the condition of his heart; which the major promised. Emilia flew to her uncle in great joy, as soon as he entered her apartment, and kissed him with much affection. Her second question, as might naturally be expected, was an enquiry after Seibold. The major, however, said coolly, He is very well, and sends his respects to you.—Now, dear uncle, said Emilia, answer me
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one question more : Dare I hope to be happy ? Does Seibold love me ?—This question threw the major into considerable embarrassment. He was unwilling to tell a falsehood, and averse to confess the truth. Hark ye, Emmy, said he after musing a little, I was obliged to promise to Seibold that I would observe the most profound silence on this point.—Then I do not wish to know, said Emilia with a look of satisfaction. Yes, dear uncle, continued she, leaning on his breast, I hope to be yet happy, if not in the arms of Seibold, at least in the consciousness of having discharged my duty. Tell my friend that I am perfectly at ease, and that I will never forget my duty, whatever ill treatment I may experience. And now, dear uncle, leave your Emilia to herself. Your visits render mamma still more severe ; and, indeed, dear uncle, it looks as if I were carrying on some plot with you against my parents. People imagine that I and Seibold have entered into some secret agreement ; which, however,

however, is false; and they believe, also, that when you come hither you always bring me some message from him. I have no occasion for your protection at present. And what can they do to me? I have no great cause to be apprehensive of bad treatment. My mother does not love me, it is true; but she respects me—And, even at the worst, I can never want opportunities to inform you of my situation. Dear uncle, pay me no visits in future, and you will thereby save me from many unpleasant sensations. My mother will again behave kindly towards me, as soon as she lays aside the unjust suspicion which she entertains that I carry on a secret correspondence with you and Seibold.

The major thought it rather dangerous to abandon Emilia entirely to her mother in this manner. Hem! said he, that would be just as if you surrendered yourself a prisoner of war to your bitterest enemy.—No—let us first enter into an honourable capitulation, and then I'll - - - -

Would

Would it be strictly observed, dear uncle? said Emilia - - - - The major at length promised that he would not come any more to Moorberg. He then took an affectionate leave; and in the excess of his love let fall a few words, from which she might easily conjecture what she had to hope. Keep up your spirits, said he, and I'll give the wedding-dinner.

The little flatterer! Her mother now engaged only the second place in her thoughts; for they were indeed principally employed with a romantic plan, which her imagination had suggested. She wished, however, to come off victorious, and to shew Seibold that she knew how to defend her rights. She imagined that, by observing her fortitude and magnanimity, he would become still more attached to her. What will he think, said she, if I drop all communication with him, and yet continue faithful and true? if I, who know nothing certain of his love (which her uncle, however, had hinted to her in so open a manner), yet en-

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gage,

gage, on account of this love, in a contest with my relations ?

The major had abstained from giving his intended lecture to Mrs. Halden and her son, merely because he was unwilling to do hurt to Emilia. When he returned home, he said, laughing : I have paid my last visit to Moorberg—Emilia shewed me the door—The girl speaks like an oracle. Here the major related the conversation. Seibold wondered at Emilia's courage ; but he began, in great tribulation, to doubt whether her love to him was sufficiently strong to be able to withstand the threats and entreaties of her relations.

All connection between the two lovers was thus broken off through their own fault. A confidence in each other, however, still remained—an invisible band ; but the strongest that can exist between two hearts.

The major's behaviour was so uncommon, so cheerful and so prudent, that Mrs. Halden believed he must have concerted
some

some plan with her daughter. Emilia was watched, therefore, in the closest manner; and when she went out to walk, she was always privately followed by two servants; but she never was guilty of any action that seemed in the least to confirm the suspicions entertained of her. Her brother, without her knowledge, had gone and counted the sheets of paper in her writing-desk; measured the length of the sealing-wax, and marked all her pens; but she never wrote, or at least wrote no letters. He found some of Seibold's epistles, which he read with avidity; but they contained only some excellent admonitions respecting the duty of young women and of daughters. He found also some essays by Emilia, verses and a few letters from the New Eloisa; but nothing that he expected to find.

Emilia continued to enjoy uninterrupted tranquillity, and neglected the best opportunities of writing to Sollingen, which were afforded her on purpose. At Sollingen, also, where Charles had some spies among
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the domestics, the same peace and inactivity prevailed, and the major had declared, at table, that he would never more ride over to Moorberg. Charles now no longer entrusted any of his plans to Emilia. He one day said to her : We never see the major now. I requested him, said Emilia, very coolly, to spare his visits in future, because mamma suspects that he and I are engaged in some secret plot. He has promised not to return anymore.

Emilia's conduct was to Charles quite incomprehensible ; for, notwithstanding her inactivity, she continued firm to her resolution of not listening to any proposal in favour of Selenberg. When Charles requested that she would, at least, give up Seibold, she replied : Procure me my ring from him, and I shall have nothing farther to say to him. Charles at length determined to hazard the attempt. As soon as he learnt from his spies at Sollingen, that the major and Hennig would be from home, on a certain day, he went thither attended.

tended by a game-keeper, a fellow of great strength.

Seibold's usual walk was in a dark solitary wood on the border of the canal. In this wood Charles concealed himself; and the game-keeper was to wait at a little distance. Seibold, with his arms folded over his breast, at length made his appearance; and as soon as he had entered the wood, Charles went up to him. Seibold was a little alarmed when he perceived Emilia's brother standing before him. I wish to have a little conversation with you: said Charles, very politely, but in a firm tone, to which he was encouraged by Seibold's apparent timidity. Shall we sit down? I have been told, Mr. Seibold, that you are a man of honour—I believe so; and I am almost convinced that you are perfectly free from blame in regard to the singular occurrence which took place lately at Moorberg. You know the world; and, therefore, I am confident that you are far from wishing to obtain possession of a young lady so unequal to

to yourself in point of rank. I should feel unpleasant to be obliged to believe such folly in a man to whom every body ascribes prudence, and to whom we are indebted for the preservation of Emilia. Seibold was silent. How must I interpret your silence, Mr. Seibold? I wish I could thank you for more than the life of my sister—I mean her honour.

You have surprised me, Mr. Halden, replied Seibold, still confused. What can I answer? The circumstance to which you allude is so singular in its kind, that any thing I might say, would perhaps strengthen your suspicion much more than my silence. But in order to put an end to all conversation on this subject, I assure you that I have never seen Emilia since that day; and that I have never kept up any correspondence with her, either in writing or in any other manner. Nay, what is more, Mr. Halden,—I neither hope nor wish for a change of that condition in which I am at present, or for any change that might give you pain and uneasiness.

That

That is, if I understand you right, said Charles, you renounce all connection with my sister?

Sir, returned Seibold, the affair is of so delicate a nature that I request you will make use of my words, and of no other. I entertain no hope of a connection with your sister, and, as matters stand at present, will never employ any means to approach nearer to that connection. Renounce! You must be sensible, Mr. Halden, that I would not make use of that expression in regard to Emilia, nor of any person on earth!

You entertain very delicate sentiments, I must confess, continued Charles. But as that expression would prove that you wish to put an end to this ridiculous business, and as you hesitate to pronounce it - - - - what must I think?

To *renounce*, Mr. Halden, supposes some previous pretension; and that you certainly do not ascribe to me. Or, shall *to renounce* imply to explain, that if your sister were
even

even the daughter of a humble citizen, I should not wish to have any connection with her? But if you should offer me a whole world for that single word, I would not utter it. I would sooner resign my life, the consciousness of my own dignity, and every hope of futurity, than my sentiments on this head. Emilia is the noblest of her sex; and the man whose wife she becomes will enjoy a heaven upon earth. I do not hope for that felicity, and will do nothing to procure it. This is all I have to say; and now I must request that you will put an end to the conversation.

Do you seriously imagine, Mr. Seibold, that I will be satisfied with this sophistry? The question here is not the grammatical meaning of the word *renounce*, but the happiness of a family who demand of you to restore them to peace. Make use of that awkward word without hesitation. If Emilia only believes that she has bound herself to you, and given you a right to make pretensions to her hand—whether

true

true or not—you must renounce these supposed pretensions, if you wish to restore tranquillity in our house.

Were there nothing else in the case but that, Mr. Halden, replied Seibold a little disconcerted, I shall do it with all my heart. I give back to miss Emilia her promise, and give up all connection with her, and all pretensions which I may have to her. It is my sincere wish that Emilia may marry and be happy. Neither you yourself nor her mother can wish this with more ardour than I do. But I beg - - -

So far is well, Mr. Seibold ; but a trifling formality is still wanting to put an end to this business. That day Emilia gave you a ring—Yes—there it is upon your finger!—You must return it to her.

This ring!—No, Mr. Halden. Emilia gave it me in remembrance - - - I would refuse it even to Emilia herself. It is the only thing to which I justly make pretension ; and that pretension I would not renounce for the whole world.

If

If you retain the ring, you may take it into your head to consider as just your pretensions to Emilia also.

Mr. Halden, you assume a tone which I - - - -

I choose to do so. In a word, I am determined to have the ring; and I do not think that you will long refuse it.

Mr. Halden!

That is my name, and it may remind you that you will do well to comply with my demand. My uncle and my brother are called Halden; but perhaps in their company you have forgotten what respect is due to that name. My family might very easily have employed other means than I do at present, to make you feel - - - In a word, I will have the ring.

You begin indeed to be ridiculous, Mr. Halden.

Gottfried! (Here the game-keeper made his appearance.) Will you give me the ring? Come nigher, Gottfried! I ask, Will you give me the ring?

Do

Do you intend to rob me ? said Seibold very coolly. Thieves are always cowardly rascals, Mr. Halden.

Hennig in the mean time had entered the wood. As his eye, by being daily exercised in the open fields, was uncommonly keen, he had discovered the young courtier at a distance, and therefore was desirous of knowing what had brought him to Solingen.

Charles drew his hanger. At that moment Hennig started from the bushes with a furious look, trembling with passion, and, without saying a word, gave his brother a severe cut over the back with the horse-whip which he had in his hand. Charles immediately turned round, and, as soon as he observed his brother, attempted to cut him down with his hanger. Hennig parried the blow with his whip, rushed forwards, and, having thrown him down, wrested the hanger from him ; and while he lay upon the ground gave him several severe cuts with his whip. All

this took place in the course of half a minute. Seibold, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise, threw his arms around Hennig, and took the whip from him. He is your brother, Hennig, cried he.—That cowardly rascal my brother? replied Hennig in a passion. No: I can never acknowledge a highwayman in that character.

Charles in the mean time had got up, with the assistance of the game-keeper, and, laying his hand on his forehead, cast his eyes, with a malevolent look, sometimes to the ground, and sometimes to his brother. Wait, said he at last, gnashing his teeth, I'll make you repent using me in the manner you have done.

Hennig, whose anger vanished when he reflected on the punishment he had inflicted, replied in a mild tone: You are a fool! The two cuts you deserved; for it was a villainous action to attack a defenceless man with your hanger. And (addressing himself to the game-keeper) when this
jackanapes

jackanapes comes hither again on such an errand, be sure you bring a flask of brandy with you to wash his wounds ! - - - Be not offended, brother—but it was a rascally action ; and if your uncle knew of it he would frighten you in another manner. Be thankful to heaven that my anger subsided so soon, and learn to fight better. You suffer your hanger to be twisted from you as if it were a rush. Adieu !

He then laid hold of Seibold's arm, and walked with him towards Sollingen. Charles made the game-keeper conduct him to the nearest village, and then dispatched him to Moorberg for a horse. As soon as the horse arrived he mounted and rode home, where his disgrace was already known ; for Mrs. Halden had asked the reason why her son wished to have a horse. O ! replied the game-keeper, he and Hennig have had a quarrel. Mr. Charles was speaking with the tutor of Sollingen, and perhaps making use of harsh expressions, when Hennig jumped from behind the

bushes—yes, like lightning, my lady—made Mr. Charles's hanger, which he had drawn, fly out of his hand into the air—threw Mr. Charles down, and paid away at him as if he had been mad. Mr. Charles halts a little, and has two cuts in his face; but there is no farther harm done.

The reader may easily guess in what state Mrs. Halden was when Charles returned and gave her an account of the whole affair. By her long separation from Hennig, and her being accustomed to consider him as an enemy, all her maternal affection towards him had for a long time been quite extinguished; but now the most violent hatred was excited against him in her heart. As he was not present, and as she knew that he was beyond her reach, the whole weight of her passion fell upon Emilia. That she might give vent to her anger, she hastened to her; fell upon the innocent girl with imprecations and the bitterest abuse; railed against the major, Seibold, and Hennig, in the most vulgar language; and said, without

out any ceremony, that she did so in order to vex Emilia, who was some time before she could discover the cause of all this storm, till her mother at last cried out : We shall yet find means to recover the ring from that worthless fellow.

Though Emilia's heart was a prey to the most disagreeable sensations, there was still one from which she derived great pleasure. Her secret joy when she discovered that Seibold had not given up the ring, prevented her from returning any answer. This silence incensed Mrs. Halden still more. She laid hold of Emilia's arm, and in a threatening tone said : Sit down this moment, and write to that vulgar fellow what I shall dictate.

Mother, replied Emilia, you forbade me to write to Seibold—I cannot write.

But you could write though, and in such a manner that they attacked your dear brother on the highway like assassins—If you are your own friend, take my advice—This moment! Thou disgrace to thy fa-

mily ! You shall not sit here any longer forming plots against your parents. Write, I tell thee.

Emilia continued firm in her resolution, and received corporal punishment from her mother. As soon as her mother let her go, she hastened to her father, rushed into his arms, and exclaimed in a plaintive tone : Protect me !—Mrs. Halden followed her ; but the paleness of Emilia's countenance, her deranged bosom, the violence of her motions (for she was thrown into great agitation by the unbecoming behaviour of her mother), and a very angry look, which the chamberlain could not help assuming, soon brought her again to her senses. She held her tongue, much against her inclination ; threw herself upon a chair, and had recourse to those means by which all disobedient wives wish to conceal the unreasonableness of their conduct—a flood of tears ; burst out into a passion once more, and ended, at length, in a torrent of abuse
against

against all mankind—herself and her dear Charles excepted.

Emilia, who was apprehensive of being again exposed to bad treatment from her mother, allowed herself to indulge in a little stratagem. She sunk down on a chair, with her arms motionless, and said, in a low tone: Oh! I shall faint—and immediately closed her eyes. Mrs. Halden started up in great distress; took Emilia in her arms; asked her forgiveness a thousand times; promised never to do so again, and bestowed on her the most flattering appellations. She herself conducted Emilia to her apartment; helped her to undress, and was now nothing but tenderness. Foolish woman! perverted in her hatred as well as her love, like a thousand other mothers!

Emilia was much affected, but it was impossible for her to forget the injustice and severity of this treatment; and her filial love, together with all respect for her mother, entirely vanished. She now resolved, without experiencing the smallest remorse, to

become as soon as possible, and by any means whatever, the wife of the noble-minded Seibold, whom her mother abused so much without any real cause. From this moment an irreparable breach was formed between her and her parents ; and she ranged herself entirely on the side of her uncle.

Thus were persons, whom nature by the most sacred ties of blood had destined to mutual love, separated by the foolish ambition and the childish pride of a woman. Mrs. Halden had before insulted the sacred feelings of nature at the birth of her second son; and this folly gave rise to the most rancorous hatred in a family which through love might have been completely happy. When will mankind learn, that one may commit numberless crimes without being absolutely worthless ?—When will they learn, that the tender ties of nature must never be once violated ?

A desire of revenge excited Charles to the same thing that self-interest and avarice

rice had excited him before. He perceived that his plan would never succeed until his sister should be removed from the major's neighbourhood. Mrs. Halden approved of a proposal which he made of carrying Emilia to the house of her aunt, who resided in the capital; and a journey was therefore talked of, in which Emilia was to accompany her mother; but the object of it was still kept a secret. As the accounts given of it were often contradictory, Emilia readily conjectured that this plan must relate to her; and she was at first highly alarmed at the idea of leaving the neighbourhood where Seibold lived. She was inclined for a moment to request the protection of her uncle, and thus to disappoint her brother's intention; but a little reflection made her abandon this design. Seibold will perceive, thought she, that I can do every thing which my mother requires of me, and yet never cease to love him. I will give him an example of firmness and patience.

H 5

She

She repaired, therefore, to her brother, and said to him, laughing: I must leave this place. Do you imagine then that I am ignorant that this journey is entirely on my account? It would be much better if you acted towards me in an open and candid manner—you would thus save a great deal of trouble. To what place am I going?—To the capital?—Well, I give you my sincere word that I shall not throw the smallest obstacle in the way.

Emilia on this occasion behaved with so much coolness and composure that her brother was quite astonished. He now clearly saw that it would be a difficult matter to overcome her with the usual weapons; and had not his hatred to Seibold been so inveterate, it is not improbable that he would have abandoned his plan.—You are a little fool, said he to Emilia, laughing; and immediately began to make preparations for taking advantage of his sister's present frame of mind. The day appointed for their departure still approached nearer.—

Emilia

Emilia herself assisted with great calmness to pack up her clothes, and shewed the like tranquillity when she stepped into the carriage. Her mother and her brother, therefore, placed no great dependance on a scheme which seemed to make so little impression on her mind.

Hennig, after the battle with his brother, was a little uneasy, because the major had expressed some dissatisfaction on this occasion, and seemed to take the part of the young courtier. He, however, was silent; and resolved, before he said any thing, to have some conversation with his sister. But if she loves Seibold; if she acknowledges so to me; and if she seems satisfied with what I shall do for her, my uncle, surely, will not take it ill if I bring the business to a conclusion. I can no longer quietly bear to see my worthy Seibold exposed to pain.

He repaired often, therefore, to Moorberg, in order, if possible, to speak to Emilia, or her governess; and though he did not see either of them, he, one day, dis-

covered Gottfried the game-keeper. Hennig endeavoured to conceal himself; but Gottfried went up boldly to him, and said, Mr. Halden you have no occasion to conceal yourself from me.

Hennig advanced, a little ashamed, and began a conversation with the game-keeper, who immediately assured him, that if he wished to learn any thing, or had any commands for miss Emilia, he was at his service. Hennig, who did not rightly know whether he could confide in him, first asked how his sister was; and the game-keeper told him, that in three days she was to set out with her brother for the capital. This intelligence, which was quite unexpected, threw Hennig into some embarrassment; but he made farther enquiry respecting the object of the journey; the company who were to attend her, and the road they were to pursue. The game-keeper said, laughing: The whole family, Mr. Halden, love Emilia, and wish to see her happy. She is at present cheerful; but I could

could lay any bet that she will not willingly leave this place. Who are to accompany her I do not know ; but if you will be here to-morrow in the evening, I shall then be able to tell you the whole.

Hennig came according to appointment, and learned from the game-keeper the time of Emilia's departure, the company who were to attend her, and the road they were to go. Next morning he set out early on horseback, taking with him old Hennig, and a courageous young man who led a spare horse. The old man was much surprised to see a hussar's sabre hanging by Hennig's side, and began to suspect that he had some exploit or other in his head ; but still he thought whatever it might be it was right. He did not ask, on this occasion, whither he was going ; and remained always about fifty paces behind, in order that he might not learn any thing which he might be obliged afterwards to disclose.

Hennig stopped at the entrance of a wood, where he remained, keeping his eyes
always

always stedfastly fixed on the road leading to Moorberg. The carriage, in which were Emilia, her mother, and her brother, soon appeared; and when it had entered the wood, Hennig rode up, and called out, with a threatening voice, Stop!—His attendants now discovered what was the intention of their leader, and prepared to give him their support.

Hennig approached the carriage, and when he came opposite to the door very politely pulled off his hat, though in great perplexity. He imagined that he should be able to address the company in a very impressive speech; but when his mother asked him what he wanted, he was unable to make any reply.

Drive on, cried Charles, but the coachman shook his head; for old Hennig and the young man, though they observed silence, cast every now and then a threatening look towards him. Dear mother, said Hennig with confusion, I will not detain you and Charles; but I request you will
suffer

suffer Emilia to ride along with me. As Mrs. Halden and Charles both imagined that this plan had been concerted with Emilia, the latter said, in a severe tone, Thou hypocrite! and Mrs. Halden cast a furious look at her daughter.

Emilia was astonished at this incident; but for the moment she found it so romantic that her eyes sparkled with joy. This served still more to confirm the mother and Charles in their suspicions. Charles laid hold of Emilia's arm, and said, You shall never obtain possession of this shameless creature while I have breath in my body! Mrs. Halden wished her son in the lowest pit of hell. Hennig dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, looked at his brother with a threatening countenance, received a severe blow in the face from his mother, and, with the utmost indifference, pulled out Emilia. The young man brought forwards the spare horse, and Hennig said, Make haste, dear sister!—Emilia mounted. Hennig called out, Go on,

on, coachman ! and then wished to proceed. — Emilia, however, winked to him to wait a little ; and riding up to the door of the carriage said coolly, and with an air of dignity, I am now at liberty. I return you thanks, brother Hennig, for your love towards me, and for your care. With these words she dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and, springing into it, shut the door behind her, and called out, Give my respects to my uncle, Hennig, and to the preserver of my life ! - - - Coachman, go on !

Hennig was so astonished that he knew not what to say or what to do. In his perplexity he trotted on a mile after the carriage, because he imagined that Emilia, on reflection, would alter her mind. She, however, did not ; and he was obliged to return without being able to account for her behaviour.

The whole affair appeared equally incomprehensible to Mrs. Halden ; she, however, sometimes shook her head, and abused

Hennig,

Hennig, whom she called a public robber. Charles looked sternly at Emilia, as if he wished to read in her countenance an explanation of the whole event; and Emilia considered, laughing, what Seibold would think when he heard of it.

Do not mention a single word of this affair, said Hennig to his two attendants when he approached Sollingen; and indeed it was kept there a profound secret. He concluded, from Emilia's refusing to ride off with him, that she did not love Seibold; and that he might avoid giving him uneasiness, he did not say a word respecting the adventure.

Mrs. Halden began, at length, to speak of the family at Sollingen in terms of the bitterest reproach. Emilia heard her with great patience for some time, and then said: Mother, if you go on so, when another knight-errant takes me out of the carriage I shall have no great desire to return to it. I love the family at Sollingen because they love me.—At this speech Mrs. Halden fell
into.

into a still more violent passion, and by the severity of her language alienated more and more her daughter's heart. Charles at first held his tongue; but in order to remedy, in some measure, the fault of his mother, he at last said a few words in favour of his uncle's family, though without entertaining less hatred for his brother, who, as he well saw, might easily destroy his most agreeable prospects.

All these family disputes had not prevented Charles from carrying on his plan in regard to lady Louisa Espenbruch. He often rode over to Ransleben; and whenever he alighted, the first question of the young lady was, Mr. Halden, how are my god-fathers? How does Emilia? and, How is the major? The scene at Moorberg had made a very deep impression on Louisa, and always when she spoke of it her eyes seemed to be animated with joy. If a stranger was present when she asked these questions of the young courtier, she would relate the whole affair, and with visible partiality

tiality for the family of Sollingen. See now! said she with the utmost animation in her gestures, our carriage was attempting to wind over the bridge, and the bridge was full of horses and horsemen ornamented with plumes, and all shining with gold. In a moment the sister of this gentleman fell over the parapet into the ditch, which is exceedingly deep. A gentleman of the name of Seibold jumped over instantaneously at the opposite side, and this gentleman's brother—yes, I think I see him at this moment—rushed through the unruly horses, and threw himself from the high bank into the water, which almost went over his head. I sprung from the coach, and screamed out as if I had been lying in the water myself, and both these courageous gentlemen had been attempting to save me. In a moment they caught hold of the young lady, and carried her in their arms to the bank. Ah! I shall never forget it during my whole life! The young lady seemed quite dead, and Mr. Seibold

ran

ran with her to the house as if he had been carrying a feather. It must afford a person great joy to save the life of another ! I sat at dinner between the two gentlemen. I should not have sitten with so much pleasure between two princeesses ! I was quite wet also ; and major Hakden said, That those who were wet should sit together.

In this manner was the young courtier obliged to hear lady Louisa give an account of the incident, and often with a greater appearance of the interest which she took in it. Hewas once so vexed, that he ventured to relate by way of retaliation an instance of his brother's rusticity. Yes, said lady Louisa, interrupting him, my aunt is always telling me that your brother is exceedingly wild. But were he not a little so, who knows whether he would have thrown himself into the water ? My aunt did not stir out of the carriage, for fear of spoiling her elegant dress. It is very well when young people are regular, and not wild ; but if I should ever happen to fall into the water—I should wish.

wish your brother to be there; for you did not jump in, that I plainly saw.

Charles could not doubt that his brother might do him great injury with lady Louisa; and for fear of the consequences, he requested his mother to endeavour to prevent count Espenbruch and his uncle from being so good friends. He flattered lady Louisa; shewed her a thousand civilities; anticipated all her wishes; and actually began to gain her favour in an eminent degree. He was obliged now to return to the capital; but he had a great advocate near Louisa in the old cousin, whose friendship he had acquired by flattery and cunning. The old lady and Mrs. Halden had, indeed, already agreed that Charles should obtain Louisa's hand; but under this condition, that he should then take the cousin to live with him in the capital.

The party from Moorberg arrived at the capital without any farther accident; and in a few days, as soon as the gala dresses could be got ready, Emilia was presented at
court,

court. It was expected that the magnificence of this scene would have produced the greatest effect upon her mind ; and Selenberg founded on this idea a little plan, which was a proof of his acquaintance with the world. Being convinced that no greater service can be done to people than to free them from any embarrassment arising from bashfulness in company, he endeavoured to keep Emilia in countenance when she seemed quite lost owing to the unusual splendour of the court, added to the penetrating looks and whispering of the courtiers, and therefore remained always by her side in order to conceal her confusion by his loquacity. The magnificence of the court, said he to Charles, laughing, will help me to gain the favour of your sister. She will be made sensible, in the most striking manner, that I am her friend ; and that she must attach herself to me if she wishes to recommend herself to notice. I will procure her a most splendid triumph ; and do you observe, to-morrow evening she will think

think of me very differently from what she does at present.

Do not laugh, reader, at the vanity of this courtier. Selenberg saw men, who had often braved death with the coolest composure, frequently become embarrassed in the drawing-room ; and he well knew of what importance a friendly word, a consoling expression, which at bottom means nothing, or an insignificant question, is to those who with timidity make their first appearance at court. He knew mankind, but he did not know this young lady.

Emilia, before she left Moorberg, had maturely reflected on what she had to expect. She knew that Selenberg was the darling of the whole court, and that the plan formed on his account was not abandoned. Now, thought she, what if the prince should interest himself in this affair, and require me to give my hand to the president ? She began to examine whether she would have courage enough to resist ; and she clearly saw that no one could compel her.

her. She was certain, therefore, so far, and knew also what answer in such a case she would give to the prince. Going to court now afforded her an agreeable prospect; she hoped to render it a distinguished theatre of her fidelity and love; and this idea inspired her with a firmness of character which the dazzling splendour of the court itself was not able to destroy.

As she approached the drawing-room, she was, however, still a little dejected. The princess herself, a lady of spirit, who sat opposite to Emilia, took great pleasure in her conversation. Every person at court declared Emilia to be worthy of love; and no one could find the least fault with any thing about her, but a little affectation in the tone of her voice. Selenberg's neighbour whispered, *Elle est grave comme un professeur, et chaque propos, même le badinage, l'échauffe**.—That will soon wear off, replied Selenberg.—And if it does not, said the

* She is as grave as a professor, and every word, even in jest, gives her offence.

princess, who overheard the conversation, I shall not esteem her less; for I am always best pleased to see mankind without disguise.

Mrs. Halden was quite enchanted with Emilia's reception at court. Selenberg related, next morning, what a favourable opinion the prince and princess entertained of her; and Emilia would not have been a woman, had not this flattering account made the deepest impression on her mind. Her mother was now entirely occupied with her old plan of procuring a place for her daughter at court; and she begged of her, almost with tears, not to refuse her consent any longer. Emilia could not be prevailed on; and Mrs. Halden, therefore, began to contrive means for getting the better of her by surprise.

Selenberg put the princess in mind, daily, of miss Halden, and used all his influence to induce her to offer to Emilia the place of lady of the bed-chamber. He at length accomplished his desire. One day, when Emilia dined at court, the princess

said to her, Miss Halden, you wish to reside in my court; Selenberg has told me so. Now, I am exceedingly well pleased with you, and I hope that with me you will be happy.—What answer could Emilia return? She made a low curtsy, kissed the hand of the princess which she stretched out to her, and became a lady of the bed-chamber contrary to her inclination.

I'll engage for it, mamma, said Charles, that Seibold will soon be forgotten. As we have now removed her to such a distance, I am free from all apprehension. We have won our game, and for that you are indebted to me.

Charles was in the right. Emilia, notwithstanding the temptation thrown in her way, would never have said Yes, had not Charles, with great cunning, endeavoured to persuade her that the princess was unhappy, and had long wished for some female friend, in order that she might be happier. Emilia heard this confirmed to her by the whole court. The princess has singular

gular whims, said some of the courtiers; she requires what is impossible: pure friendship. Emilia was now obliged to reside in the palace; and who can wonder that she wished to contribute to the happiness of a woman whose affection was so honourable? She had Seibold also in her eye. The princess, thought she, is certainly unhappy, because she has been obliged to give away her hand without her heart. I will secure her love; and she will, no doubt, rejoice to make her friend happier than herself. In a word, goodness of heart, consciousness of her own dignity, and, if the reader chooses, a little vanity, induced Emilia to accept a place for which she was so ill qualified.

The princess, for the first few days, seemed to pay little or no attention to her lady of the bed-chamber. Emilia thought, So much the better! She has, without doubt, been often deceived. She exerted herself, therefore, with the utmost zeal in attending to the princess, and was not long over-

looked. She, indeed, could discover no traces of friendship; but she thought that would soon follow. The princess entrusted her with some trifling secrets, which were known to every person at court; and Emilia said to herself, She wishes to put me to the proof. At last, however, a slight appearance of warmth seemed to break out through the usual coolness of the princess. Emilia, in the mean time, took no share in any of the court intrigues; never asked any favours; and defended in a decent, though firm manner, some respectable persons belonging to the court, against whom attempts had been made to prejudice the princess. She did not solicit the favour of the princess, but endeavoured to deserve it; and the good fortune which she had promised herself at length made its appearance.

One day, when she entered the apartment of the princess, the latter, throwing her arms around her, said, in a sort of agitation, I know, my dear Halden, that your intentions towards me are honourable. Con-

tinue

tinue to be my friend. Do not suffer yourself to be seduced by others, and continue your fidelity.—Emilia now shewed the tenderest attachment, and bedewed the hand of the princess with tears of the most respectful love. The princess seemed much affected; she stroked, in a friendly manner, the cheeks of the weeping maid, and said, My dear Halden, do you then really love me so much?—With these words the scene closed, because another lady was that moment announced. So I have at length overcome this mistrustful heart, said Emilia with triumph. But how much would she have been ashamed, had she known to whom she was indebted for this victory!

Selenberg was continually telling the princess how much Emilia loved her, and related to her a thousand expressions of affection which Emilia on different occasions had employed.—She never made use of any of these to me, replied the princess. Yes, your highness, returned Selenberg, that young lady has a very singular way of thinking.

thinking. Had she any fault to find with the empress herself, she would do so before her face ; but, in regard to praise, she always bestows it behind one's back. This conversation gave rise to the scene by which Emilia was so much affected. The princess was quite charmed with the tender sensibility of her lady of the bedchamber. She now believed that Selenberg had spoke the truth ; and she always after called Emilia her little Nonfuch.

The favour of the princess was soon clearly manifested, and gave Emilia the strongest hopes that she should obtain her friendship. A party of pleasure was soon after proposed to a delightful country residence. It is there alone, said the princess oft to Emilia, that I appear in my real character. Emilia had long made herself happy with the idea of this short excursion ; but just as the company were ready to set out, she sent notice to the princess that she could not accompany her. The master of the ceremonies shook his head, and told the princess that
miss

miss Halden had been ill. Emilia was in perfect health ; but her waiting-woman was sick ; and, as she was a worthy creature, she was unwilling to leave her alone.

The princess set out, and heard by the way, from a lady, that miss Halden was in perfect health. On her return, she behaved with coolness towards Emilia, and reproached her in a disdainful manner. Emilia told her, without reserve, on what account she had remained at home. The princess replied in French, (a sign that she was angry) I imagined it would have given you great pleasure to spend a whole day in my company. One of the ladies in waiting said, I hope you will see the impropriety of your conduct ; and Emilia replied, casting an expressive look towards the princess : *Malheur à qui ne sait pas sacrifier un jour de plaisir aux devoirs de l'humanité * !*

All the other ladies grew pale with fear at this answer ; but, to their great astonish-

* Wretched are those who cannot sacrifice a day of pleasure to the duties of humanity !

ment, the princess stretched out her hand to Emilia, and said, in German, Some indulgence must be granted to my little Nonsuch. At table she related to the prince, with much pleasure, the answer of miss Halden; and then added, You must confess that I deserve a friendship which does not hesitate to address me in that manner!

You deserve the homage of the whole world, replied the prince; but the answer of miss Halden does as much honour to you as to herself. It would be difficult to determine which is the greater of the two: to express the feelings of humanity in that manner without fear, or to hear such an expression without displeasure. Emilia wondered much that such notice should be taken of a few of her words, and that she herself, on that account, should be more esteemed than before.

For six days in the week the princess was engaged with balls, operas, concerts, and other amusements. There remained, therefore, only one day, commonly called the
day

day of rest, but which, however, was a day of great labour to the ladies of the court, and the other servants of the princess. She did not know in what manner to fill up the vacancy occasioned by this day; and yet wished to distinguish it from all the rest, because at her father's court it had been devoted to solitude and useful occupations. On this day she had begun a thousand different employments; drawing, sewing, the harpsichord and harp, reading books of instruction, &c. but all these, the second or third time, became quite disgusting. She then studied English, the belles lettres, and the history of her own family; yet this day of rest was the most tedious in the whole week, so that every body thanked heaven as soon as it was past.

Emilia, who was a friend to solitude and reflection, found much enjoyment in this day, on which she never quitted her apartment or received any visits. As she was honoured with the friendship of the princess, the latter expected that she should spend the

Sunday with her. Emilia trusted that she had power enough to free her new friend from the demon of languor ; and in this she indeed succeeded the first time. She read to the princess, and conversed with her on what she had heard. She likewise carried her work with her—a shirt that she was making for a poor child—and the princess was highly pleased to see the day spent in forming the mind, and in acts of benevolence. Shirts were now cut out, and the ladies sewed them, laughing with the princess, in an ironical manner, at the coarseness of the linen. The shirts were ready the second Sunday, and Emilia was charged to distribute them ; for, besides her, no lady was acquainted with any poor family that stood in need of shirts. Emilia afterwards described to the princess the affecting scene which this present had occasioned. The princess shed a few tears, and immediately gave orders for the purchase of some pieces of coarse linen, which were to be made into shirts every Sunday.

During

During this labour, in which the married part of the court ladies assisted also, the company entertained each other with telling stories of ghosts; with reading or singing; and they were so much amused, that two Sundays more passed away in a very agreeable manner. After this, however, the princess had a headache, and sent to tell the ladies that they might work in their own apartments. The sewing for poor people was now forgotten; its place was supplied by the study of antiquities; and nothing was then heard of on a Sunday but Etruscan vases, bas-reliefs, the Torso, the Apollo Belvidere, Antinoüs, &c.

In short, Emilia had scarcely been half a year at court, when she discovered that she could have no great dependance on the friendship of the princess. The princess required love; but she would not give any in return, and always remained princess. Often did she pass whole hours with Emilia alone; and on these occasions she would say to her the most agreeable things, and

pour forth tears in her arms. But scarcely was the fit over when the princess would resume her usual cool manner, and behave to Emilia as she did to the other ladies of her court. Emilia once embraced a favourable moment to say a few words respecting Seibold ; but, to her great astonishment, she received this answer : Foh ! foh ! Halden—not a syllable more of such love ! With these words the princess took a small casket from her bureau. In this casket, continued she, there is an unopened letter from a woman who was bred up in my father's court, and who, at one time, enjoyed all my favour. She married below her rank, without paying any attention to my admonitions ; and since that time I would never consent to see her. She has, indeed, written to me upwards of ten times ; but I am resolved to have nothing to say to her—nothing at all.

Emilia, in whose love to the princess, to speak the truth, self-interest had its share, became, from this moment, quite cold in
her

her behaviour. She no longer sought for opportunities of being in the apartment of her patroness, and gave herself no farther trouble to continue in her favour. The princess appointed another lady to her place, and forgot her little Nonsuch, without, however, shewing any resentment towards her. This, at first, gave Emilia uneasiness; but in a little it became a matter of perfect indifference. Her waiting-woman lamented that she had lost the love of the princess, and censured the conduct of the latter with some severity. Emilia replied: The princess is not destitute of abilities; but continual dissipation has deprived these abilities of all their energy. She is indeed of a mild, compassionate disposition, and born for friendship and love. A woman of her own rank, possessing sentiments such as mine, she could treat with tenderness and render happy; but this will never be the case with any of the ladies of her court.

Selenberg, in the mean time, did not remain unactive. His rank gave him almost
daily

daily opportunity of being in the company of Emilia ; and he took advantage of it with all the finesse of the experienced courtier. But whatever exertions he made were in vain—Emilia did not thank him for his attention, and even shewed the most decided aversion to him. The passion of this voluptuary grew, however, still stronger every day, as Emilia's blooming charms became always more enchanting, her figure nobler, and her complexion fresher. He had imagined that his triumph over her would be facilitated by the court ; and yet amidst all its temptations, which, indeed, were sufficiently numerous, she still retained the purity of her soul and the energy of her heart. The reluctance with which she resided at court, gave new strength to his hopes. He laid before her the seducing prospect of a country life ; and her brother was commissioned, to hold up to her the same picture. She embraced this idea with the utmost eagerness ; but as soon as Selenberg's name was mentioned, she replied, I
would

would rather spend my whole life in these melancholy halls, than be Selenberg's wife for only one day.

Selenberg had still one hope left—the intercession of the prince. This he intended to employ only in the last extremity; but he was at length obliged to have recourse to it, as Emilia, by shunning his company, prevented him from making use of any one of his own arts. He applied then to the prince himself, who said, laughing: Selenberg, you never before employed a deputy on any occasion of the like kind! Is Halden's aversion then so great? And does her family know of it? For I will not make any infringement, Selenberg, on family right—It is the most sacred of all rights—and no prince can assume any power over it on any pretence whatever.

The young courtier asserted that his parents knew of this connection—And why will your sister not consent? said the prince.

—Charles shrugged up his shoulders. Romances, your highness; an imprudent governess,

governess, and the smooth words of a poor but artful man ! - - - My sister has a lively imagination ; principles derived from the period of the Round Table. And the operation of all these was strengthened by a peculiar incident. The man whom I just now mentioned, accidentally saved her life. Overstretched gratitude, your highness. In a word, she wishes to disgrace our family by an improper marriage.

Hem ! replied the prince, laughing : who would think so of such a noble and haughty countenance ? Well, I'll exert myself for Selenberg. The next time I see your sister, I'll solicit her hand for him ; and she will not give me a denial.

The young courtier again shrugged up his shoulders—I'm sorry to be obliged to tell your highness, said he, that on this point she is exceedingly obstinate.

We shall see ! returned the prince, I shall let you know the result. But I forbid all force. Your sister will become more prudent.

prudent. Only leave the affair to me, and you will have no reason to be dissatisfied.

The court removed to the country, and Emilia, as soon as she could, hastened to a delightful grove near the palace, which was intersected by shady avenues. Here she was met by the prince, who had dismounted from his horse, and who was desirous of enjoying the pleasure of a walk. He immediately remembered his promise, and accosted Emilia. So young, so handsome, and yet alone? said he, laughing. The gentlemen here must have business of very great importance, indeed, to suffer you to be so solitary! Come, miss, the evening is pleasant; let us take one turn in the grove. A-propos, my dear Halden, I have a favour to request of you, which you must not refuse.

Your highness's requests are to me commands, said Emilia. In a moment Selenberg occurred to her, and she immediately added: For your highness never required any thing that could render me unhappy.

Dear

Dear Halden, I wish I could obtain the same praise from all my subjects. No: I hope that on the present occasion you will be happy by complying with my request. I intend to have you married; and I invite myself to the wedding. Emilia turned pale. —All you young girls, as soon as you hear mention made of marriage, first blush and then turn pale; yet you all marry! But you tremble! Pray sit down. As I said, my dear Halden, you must not give me a denial. You shall have for a husband a man whom the whole court acknowledges to be polite and well-bred; and, what is still more, who is my friend—President Selenberg.

Emilia sat staring at the prince without being able to utter a single syllable. She at length recovered herself, and said: Your highness has just now called the president your friend; I must, therefore, conceal what I think of him. I will, however, venture to say that the president may be exceedingly well-bred, and exceedingly polite,

polite, and yet make a very bad husband. He may be suited to a court, but not for domestic felicity ; and when people marry they look forwards to happiness. Your highness must forgive me if I say No.

You shall not, indeed ; or you must tell me honestly what you think of Selenberg. You will, I hope, overlook a few follies which he was guilty of during the volatile period of youth ? Who ever passes his whole life free from folly ?

I can readily overlook his follies, your highness ; but not his character. I will not be the wife of a man in whose company no mother, without anxiety, durst leave her daughter for half an hour.

O ! that was the case formerly, dear child ! but you must look at him now. His sins have forsaken him.

And would your highness advise me to give my hand to a man of whom nothing better can be said ?—But his sins have not forsaken him. His desire at present—for
of

of love such a man can know nothing—is directed towards me !

It can be no crime to be struck by the enchantment of your charms, else I should be as culpable as Selenberg. But—what will you lay ?—I know the reason of your refusal. Your thoughts are engrossed by a man who once hauled you from the water, or from the fire. Is it not true ? Have I not guessed right ?

Emilia blushed—Were my heart at perfect freedom, your highness, I would, however, not give my hand to Selenberg, as long as my feelings tell me that a seducer is a man who deserves detestation.

A seducer ! You make use of an expression, dear Halden, which is rather a little too harsh ! Selenberg is in my service, and he is my friend.

A seducer, your highness !—You are displeased—but what else can I call him ? He who insidiously seduces by his rank, by his arts or his money, a young woman
whose

whose whole riches was her innocence, and whose marriage, perhaps, was the sole hope of her parents, who for this laboured during the course of their lives, and in whom they, perhaps, expected to find the joy of their old age, in the moment of care, sorrow or want—a young woman, who might have become the affectionate wife of some worthy man, the happy mother of a numerous family—he who betrays a young woman of this kind, and then abandons her to shame and misfortune—what name does such a wretch deserve? In your capital here, there are perhaps a hundred mothers who now mourn for the seduction of their daughters, and the man who was the cause of it is not a villain?—is not detestable?

Emilia spoke these words as if inspired, while her eyes sparkled, and her breast heaved with animation. The prince now saw what he had seen so seldom—a full heart pouring out what it was unable to contain. He beheld Emilia with a look
of

of satisfaction, and, as soon as she had done, said : She must not be suffered to plead in her own defence, else the cause will be lost. Be not uneasy, miss. I shall make a faithful report to Selenberg of every thing you have said—Shall I ?

If he continues to be importunate, replied Emilia, I will tell him the same thing myself.

Now, added the prince, laughing, and if he does not amend these faults, I shall not know what to think of him. Things, indeed, may be sometimes as you say. You have made me serious, dear Halden : but such transgressions do not come within my jurisdiction. So you will not then have Selenberg ?—Well, it would give me great pleasure, if I could in any other manner contribute to your happiness. I now know how you *bate*, and indeed I wish much to see how you *love*. Only, child, never think of this same man who saved you from the fire or the water. Such a plan will never answer, take my word for it.

The

The prince took his leave, to Emilia's great satisfaction. She had now found by experience, that much can be effected when people are in earnest; and her hopes, notwithstanding every impediment, of being Seibold's wife in the end, acquired new strength.

The prince told the young courtier what had been the result of his negotiation, and hinted to him, that it would be better to abandon, entirely, the plan respecting Selenberg. Charles replied, that his parents were absolutely bent on the connection; and that the whole arrangement of the family depended upon it. In a few days after the prince was again requested to employ his good offices. He at first refused; but he at length promised to make an attempt once more. I do not know, Selenberg, said he, how you can desire me to put such a beautiful young woman to pain. You ought to have applied to my consort. She can command where I must entreat.

Selenberg clearly saw that the prince
was

was in the right ; and he would long before have pursued that course, had not the princess been a woman of the most whimsical humour. For instance, she considered it as a violation of the respect due to her, if any of the ladies of her court preferred the love of any man to the honour of her company. But with this circumstance the prince was totally unacquainted.

The prince now sought for an opportunity of finding Emilia alone ; and this could not be long wanting, as she every evening repaired to the grove. He renewed his intercession for Selenberg ; appeared to be offended, and received the same answer as before. He at last wished to be better informed respecting her adventure with Seibold. Emilia related the whole story in such an affecting manner, while her beautiful eyes were bedewed with tears, that the prince no longer considered her love towards her deliverer as altogether improper, though he concealed what he thought. He conversed now with Emilia

on other topics ; and spent an hour, walking up and down with her in the grove, without ever once yawning.

People very naturally began now to whisper to each other at the palace, that Halden was become a favourite of the prince ; and that he was seen with her every evening in the grove. Selenberg was not the last who heard this report ; and as soon as he knew it, he devised another plan in order to get possession of Emilia.

In the course of a few hours the princess was privately informed that his highness, almost every evening, spent a whole hour in walking about through the grove with miss Halden. She, however, observed silence, and only treated Emilia with open coolness, or rather contempt. Next day, Selenberg paid the princess a visit, and in the course of his conversation introduced the subject of marriage. The princess, in raillery, called him an old bachelor, and Selenberg replied : There is a lady whom I should be extremely happy to have for my wife, if

your highness would give her to me. May I know the name of the happy female who has made a conquest of your heart? said the princess. Her name is Halden, replied the president. The princess blushed, and returned no answer.

In the evening she took Selenberg to a window which looked towards the grove, and said to him: Was you really in earnest when you told me you would marry Halden? I was, indeed, your highness. I have already obtained the consent of the parents, and was hitherto silent because your highness seemed to honour the young lady with your peculiar favour, nay, I might say peculiar confidence.—Have you already declared your intentions to her?—Hitherto I have not, for the reason which I just mentioned to your highness. I think I may, however, flatter myself that she is not averse to me; only for some days past I have observed in her a coolness which renders me very uneasy.

The princess blushed, and after some
silence

silence said: Halden shall be your wife!—
 Leave the whole affair to me, and don't say
 a word to her. I myself will have the plea-
 sure of letting her know your intentions.

Next morning the princess invited Emilia to walk out with her. They went up and down the grove for some time without speaking; but the princess at length stopped, and, looking steadfastly in Emilia's face, said: Miss Halden, Selenberg requested me to solicit your hand for him, and I have promised that he shall have it.— Emilia, by her conferences with the prince, had acquired a certain ease in speaking upon this point, and therefore she said, with much modesty: Your highness's wish would be to me a command - - - -

I do not wish it, exclaimed the princess coolly, I command it; and I hate every person with whom commands are necessary—Here she made a signal to one of her servants who stood at a distance, and the conversation was interrupted—You may go, said she then to Emilia, with much in-

difference. Come! cried she to the servant, and immediately disappeared in the grove.

Emilia was now left alone, destitute of every assistance, while a thousand voices seemed to call to her at once, to hasten to Sollingen, and to solicit the protection of the major. Dejected, weak, and incapable of coming to any resolution; perplexed by a confusion of thoughts, and a prey to a load of painful sensations, she proceeded towards the palace, without ever raising her eyes from the ground. God be thanked, thought she at last, I have never yet said Yes! She now recovered a little of her strength, and on a sudden discovered Selenberg at a distance. She hastened towards him, and said, in a harsh tone, which betrayed her aversion: Mr. President, you have solicited the princess to intercede with me in your favour, and she has promised you my hand. I, however, here declare to you, in the most solemn manner, that I will never give my consent. Desist, therefore,

therefore, I beseech you ; for I am firmly resolved never to agree to your proposal.

Selenberg replied in some confusion: If I have pursued that course which I would rather not have pursued, it ought to be a proof to you, my dear girl, with what infinite affection I love you. What man upon earth dare believe that he is worthy of your hand? You cannot then take it amiss that I should call in the assistance of so powerful an advocate. Your worthy parents, my dear girl, your brother, the prince—all wish to see me happy in your arms. Let me hope that your goodness will not reject my tender and sincere love. Unfortunately I have spent my youth in a manner for which I never can forgive myself. But if you were acquainted with my heart, my dear, you would not despise me. You would cease to hate me if you knew how much I love you.

The way which you have chosen, said Emilia, does not certainly lead to my heart. I must once more - - - -

Grant but the smallest indulgence to my hopes, continued Selenberg, and no intercession will then be necessary, but that of my respect, my tender love, and the gratification of all your wishes.

No, Mr. Selenberg, replied Emilia—I will not give you the smallest hope. Were I obliged to choose between you and that clown there who is drawing water, I would, without hesitation, give my hand to him. You see how useless all your applications are. Recall what you have said to the princess. Except us, no person, as yet, knows any thing of the matter, and I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that I shall observe profound silence respecting it. Refuse me not, sir, the only request that I ever can make to you. Do not imagine that what I now say proceeds from caprice—I have considered the matter with attention, and my resolution is fixed.

I hope, said Selenberg, blushing a little, that you will become less cruel than you are at present, and overcome the unjust
hatred

hatred which you seem to entertain against me.

Selenberg here made a low bow, and proceeded, with a mixed look of anger and disappointment, towards the garden. Emilia hastened to her apartment, reclined her head on her arm, and with wandering eyes began to reflect upon her condition. She at length determined that, as soon as the princess returned from the grove, she would throw herself at her feet and entreat her compassion; but, when she saw through the window her cold, austere countenance, her courage failed her. She, however, went down stairs, and stood before the door of the princess's chamber without venturing to enter. While she was standing there, undetermined what to do, the lady in waiting came out from her apartment, and observed her in that situation. Miss Halden, said she, are you not well? You are as pale as a statue! Can I be of any service to you? Come hither along with me!—Emilia, as soon as she

entered the lady's apartment, threw her arms around her with emotion, and requested her, with briny tears, to intercede for her with the princefs.

My dear worthy child ! faid the lady, I cannot comply with your request. Your fituation, fhould I interfere, would become worfe—that you know as well as I. As there is no other help, you muft marry Selenberg ! - - - But, my God, it has ftruck one, and your hair is not yet drefsed ! Go ! You will hardly be ready for dinner ; and I befeech you, my dear Halden, be prudent. I tell you, once more, there is no help—you muft.

Emilia retired—fuffered herfelf to be drefsed, and forfware the court which rendered her fo unhappy. With trembling fteps fhe entered the princefs's apartment, made a low curtfey, and in a timid attitude remained at the door. The princefs obferving her, faid flowly, and in a cool manner, to the reft of the ladies : Mifs Halden is prefident Selenberg's bride—You ought

to wish her joy :—and with these words she went into another apartment.

While Emilia was complimented with congratulations, she stood as if thunder-struck, and the tears rolled down her cheeks in large drops. She at length began to stagger, as a sense of her helpless condition had deprived her of all strength; and it was found necessary to convey her to her chamber. Scarcely was she left alone, when, in a fit of despair, she tore the jewels from her head; threw them with violence on the floor; veiled her face, and continued sitting a whole hour, incapable of entertaining a settled idea.

Her waiting-maid, who sat crying at the window, at length said: There goes the princess in her carriage! - - - - And the prince has just returned from hunting. He is of a compassionate disposition; and if I had any thing to ask of him, I would do it this moment.—With dishevelled locks, and half dressed, Emilia hastened down stairs to meet the prince, and ex-

claimed, in a pitiful tone : Ah ! your highness ! The prince opened the door of his apartment, and handed her in. Emilia fell down on her knees before him, and said : I have no longer a friend—no more any help but in your highness. O ! save me from the most horrid of all miseries.

My dear child, replied the prince, rise up ! If any one comes ! - - - - No, returned Emilia, I will remain here until I obtain your promise that you will save me.

Well, said the prince, I must kneel then, also - - - - He actually made a movement, as if about to do so, and Emilia stood up—Come, dear Halden, walk into my closet ! There we shall not be interrupted. Now, tell me in what manner I can serve you ?

Emilia told him. The prince shook his head, and said : But, my dear Halden, it would be indeed better if you would accept Selenberg ! You yourself must be sensible that I cannot, with propriety, interfere in the business. My consort wishes very
much

much for the marriage ; and in that case, what can I do ?

A few words from your hand to Selenberg, continued Emilia, would save me.

The prince again shook his head, and contracted his front into a thousand wrinkles ; but it was impossible for him to reject the importunate petition of the beautiful, enchanting Emilia. Well, said he at last, I will comply with your desire, though I am pretty well convinced what the result will be.

Your highness, said Emilia, will be entitled to my lasting gratitude, my respect, my love, if you will save me from this danger.

What would not one do for the sake of your love ? returned the prince. I will exert myself in your behalf, as far as I can — To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, I hope to see you in the grove. Give out, my dear, that you are not well. If you have any thing farther to say to me, or if

any thing new should occur, you must only write to me. I will now and then send my old page to you under some pretence or other—and so adieu, my beautiful Halden! —Who knows what I should do were I in Selenberg's place! Adieu! adieu!

The prince immediately wrote to Selenberg the following letter:

“ My dear President,

“ Your affair with miss Halden has assumed a turn, which is not altogether agreeable to my wish; as it may become known that I have interfered in it. You will do me a pleasure, therefore, if you abandon all measures that have any tendency to force. You will easily find means to recall those steps which have been taken without my knowledge. My wish was, either not to intermeddle in the business at all, or to bring it to a conclusion alone; and I hope you will not suffer my wish to be vain. I shall expect you to-morrow morning, early, to accompany me on a hunting party;

party; and as you are not fond of fatigue on these occasions, our excursion shall not exceed fifty paces. Adieu."

In a few minutes the prince received an answer in the following words:

"Your highness will, I hope, ascribe it to the violence of my passion, and forgive me, if I have ventured to take a step, which an expression from your highness's own mouth seemed, in some measure, to justify. I, indeed, now see the matter in a different light; and will employ every means possible to gratify your highness's wishes. The excuse that I never suspected, or wished, that the affair would take such a turn, I cannot plead to your highness; for people should certainly deliberate before they engage in any undertaking. If your highness will be graciously pleased to accept of my assurance, that I, in future, resign my whole fortune into your highness's hands, you will put an end to the discontent which I entertain against myself.

"The hunting party to which your
highness

highness has been graciously pleased to invite me, will afford me much satisfaction."

Selenberg wrote this billet in the greatest rage, because he had destroyed, with his own hands, that good fortune to which he imagined he had approached so near. He already knew that Emilia had been with the prince; and in half an hour he conveyed this intelligence to the princess, without ever leaving his apartment.

In the evening there was a card party at court; but Selenberg did not go thither until he conjectured that the prince was there before him. The princess having asked him where he had been the whole day, he embraced that opportunity of stepping up to her, at a window, and saying half aloud: I am exceedingly unfortunate, your highness, to be obliged to beg that you will recall the intercession which you have made for me to miss Halden. Cogent family considerations compel me to this request. It may give your highness reason to accuse me of levity; but indeed

I am unhappy in every point of view! - - -
 I hope your highness has not yet done any
 thing for me.

Every thing, replied the princess, in a
 peevish tone. It is too late. You do not
 mean, I hope, to expose me? Ah! I can
 guess why - - - -

Selenberg made a low bow. Will your
 highness take pity on me? Into your
 hands, and to your favour alone, I resign all
 my happiness. I myself dare venture to do
 nothing but to hope in silence. Your
 highness can guess my situation; and I am
 not afraid that you will render it more
 painful.—He again made a low bow, and
 the princess returned to the card-table.

During the whole evening Selenberg ap-
 peared to be very much confused. He ap-
 proached the princess only with trembling,
 and drew aside one of the gentlemen of the
 bed-chamber, that he might give vent to
 his complaints respecting the instability of
 court happiness. In a word, both the prin-
 cess and the prince soon heard, to their
 great

great astonishment, that Selenberg had fallen into disgrace.—Selenberg, however, is a man of honour, said the prince, laughing ; and the hunting party terminated with much satisfaction.—But Selenberg, said the princess, is a man of talents. Next day at dinner she behaved to him with great coldness ; he was quite abashed, and hastened to leave the room.

After dinner the princess, accompanied by the prince, repaired to her own apartment. I have, said she peevishly, a complaint to make against president Selenberg. He requested my good offices with Halden, and I promised he should have her, because the match is advantageous, and because her parents wish it. I communicated the affair to Halden herself, and the ladies, at my desire, all wished her joy. Now Selenberg came up to me yesterday ; excused himself on account of some family considerations, and the like, and absolutely wishes to recede from what he proposed. You will, no doubt, find this conduct as
shameful

shameful as I do. Does he imagine that I will be thus exposed before my whole court? I earnestly entreat of you, that you will protect me from such a gross affront—The marriage shall and must take place.

Selenberg, replied the prince with some concern, may, perhaps, have other reasons that do honour to his humanity. I have been told that Halden has a rooted aversion to him, and then - - -

Like every young girl when any connection of the kind is proposed to her. She gives herself airs because she is a fool.

But if this obstinacy becomes stronger, it will, perhaps, be the means of rendering the business abortive altogether.

Halden will not be obstinate much longer. Your highness cannot certainly suffer me to be so humbled before the whole court. The girl must be compelled to consent. I request you will communicate my orders to Selenberg; and I trust that by to-morrow morning every thing will be settled. In a matter which concerns my honour

nour so much, I hope you will not deny my request.

Mais, madame, y pensez - - -*

*Je sais ce qui convient, et ferai ce qu'il faut.
Je ne croirai jamais mon bonheur retabli, que
quand la Halden sera la femme de Selenberg.
Cela doit être, à quelque prix que ce soit †—*
With these words she retired.

The prince himself was sensible that his confort could not avoid making such a request; and yet he had promised to the charming Emilia to be her deliverer. He would gladly have kept his word, because he was interested in her happiness, and because the idea of seeing her sacrificed to the president was unpleasant to him.

In this state of perplexity he sent notice to Emilia, by the old page, that she might still pretend to be sick. In the evening he went out on a hunting excursion, and re-

* But reflect, madam - - -

† I know what is proper, and will do what is necessary. I shall never think my honour vindicated, till Halden is the wife of Selenberg. It must be, let it cost what it may.

mained

mained absent the whole of next day. The court physician declared Emilia to be exceedingly ill; and Selenberg requested of the princess that he might be permitted to go to town for two days, because, while the object of his affection was indisposed, nothing could be done in his favour.

The old page conversed this evening with Emilia without being observed. He told her what the prince had done for her, and endeavoured to persuade her to consent to the president's proposal. Emilia having replied that she depended on the prince, the page shrugged up his shoulders, and said: My dear miss Halden, I have grown grey in this court, and know how people here must behave. Our prince is a man of the noblest and most magnanimous sentiments——when it is proper.

When it is proper! replied Emilia—Can magnanimity and justice be at any time improper?

Yes, my dear lady, it is very true! Elsewhere people may be what they choose;
but

but here they must be what is proper. Here we are all good, as long as we can; after that we bid farewell to goodness, and shrug up our shoulders. Don't trust, therefore, to the prince, my good young lady. Believe me, president Selenberg is a man of great policy, who has cunning enough to outwit any one. I will tell you honestly, that if you marry him you will have cause to repent; for, you are very right, he is a worthless character. But, I told you already, depend upon no person here, but upon yourself. The prince, with the best intentions, can at court often do less than every tradesman can do daily in his own family. He is teased and tormented in every corner—Indeed, if the citizens and country people knew how matters stand here, they would not envy us our pleasure, and would think themselves far happier over their peaceful crust, than ever it will be possible for us to be.

Emilia listened with great attention to this speech, delivered with so much sincerity.

cerity. The old page, as every person at the court knew, was an honest, uncorrupted man, whose fidelity to his prince was spotless. At first, he took a share in all the cabals of the court, and sometimes carried his point ; but he was soon disgusted. At last, he gave himself no trouble about any thing but what immediately concerned the prince ; and, even then, he interfered no farther than merely to offer his opinion. He could not avoid being acquainted with the prince, as well as the whole court ; and his word with Emilia had great weight. She grew pale, therefore, with fear, and exclaimed : O my God ! can they be so crue as to sacrifice me ? Ah ! were my worthy uncle here, he would soon deliver me.

The old page enquired particularly respecting Emilia's uncle, and then said . Make haste—write to the major—I will take charge of the letter. There are, perhaps, moments when the cunning policy which prevails here would give way to the blunt honesty of the man.

Emilia,

Emilia, in a state of doubt, wrote only a few lines. The old page added another letter of somewhat more length, in which he recommended certain measures to the major; and, at break of day, while the whole family were still asleep, sent it off by an express to Sollingen.

At this period the major was in an exceeding ill humour with Emilia, because she had not written to him since she had been at court, except only one letter, the style of which was exceedingly cool, or rather unintelligible. In this letter she had told him: I perform my duty, and am contented—It ought to be so, and it is so! I have not abandoned my good fortune; and will find it here amidst the din of melancholy triumph and wretched magnificence. Here I stand quite alone; but I have need of no one but myself. I shall create my own world, and actually do create it.

The major, in a peevish humour, had thrown this letter on the table, and said:
When

When people begin, miss Emmy, to speak in enigmas, they are in a fair way to tell lies. The girl, I believe, has become haughty. What can that mean? "To create my own world." What must the good God think when a girl decorates herself in that manner, and then talks of creating worlds? "I have need of no one but myself"—In my opinion, pride is the harbinger of ruin!

Such enigmas were not written for the good major, but for Seibold, who could explain perfectly well all these expressions, as each of them reminded him of his conversations with Emilia. His heart beat high with joy over this letter, which, according to his ideas, contained a solemn assurance of the sincerest love. He, however, was silent; because he was unwilling to betray himself. Hennig shook his head with still more violence than his uncle. He remembered the unsuccessful attempt made to carry off Emilia, and said: I know, dear uncle, what the letter means. It gives Sei-
bold

bold a denial—But one thing I do not find in it—Hennig here related his adventure, and the major said : What ? The poor girl refused ?—Well, let her go on ! After this, as little was said respecting Emilia as possible, till the arrival of the letter from the old page.

The major exclaimed, as soon as he had read only a few words of it : Gracious God ! Poor Emilia ! Seibold started up on hearing this exclamation, and laid hold of the letter, which the major stretched out to him in silence——Major, replied Seibold, we must go !

We must.—Let matters truly be as they may—but Selenberg shall not have her. I will, however, give it her, and that soundly ! What had she to do at court at all ?

She was obliged, replied Seibold : she could not act otherwise. Yes : returned the major, she could have acted otherwise ! But she was tempted by the demon of pride, or by something worse. She there threw herself voluntarily in the way of danger.

Now

Now let her create her world ! She, however, stands in need of others, else she would not complain and lament in that manner.

She wished to discharge her duty, major—You do not know what a magnanimous heart the girl possesses.

Do not know ? answered the major : No, truly ! I bow with respect, God knows, before every thing that is great : but nothing is great except what proceeds from an honest heart. Tell me, is the player who acts the character of Alexander an Alexander himself ? - - - - I love the girl, but I am not blind to her failings. In every thing she has done she has had her reasons ; and in this respect you participate in her guilt. You found fault with the governess who was continually filling her head with lovers, fidelity, embracing and tears. Love and fidelity are noble and exalted gifts, little inferior to magnanimity and self-command. But it would be wrong if Emilia's head were fuller of love and fidelity than her

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heart. Then you wished to drive out the devil - - -

My dear, worthy major, what a harsh expression respecting your Emilia!

Ay! What is not implanted by God in the heart and the head is from the devil. It was mere pride. She wished to be praised as much on account of her fidelity, as the people there in the love-books. To drive this from her head you told her of Portia, and other women whose names I cannot now remember. Emilia soon laid aside the first mask, because the new one was prettier. When I sat at my deliberating window, I considered all these things in succession. She always wished to be something else than she was—this you cannot deny.

But she was always good in some respect—this you cannot deny.

Yes, I certainly do deny it—She was not good, she only appeared to be so. She was not patient when her mother put her heart to so much pain. She only seemed so, that Seibold

bold might have more love for her. She did nothing that was required of her through obedience to her mother—no—it was through love towards you, Seibold. She is virtuous—God grant that she may continue so!—But many things in Emilia are mere pretence and grimace—not truth and spirit, as the Bible says. A part of her goodness, as you once said of another girl, is like the solar rays reflected from a mirror; they afford light, but produce no heat. Look at my Hennig there! If God continues his blessing, he will become a man in whom the holy angels themselves must have delight. He does good as naturally as I draw breath.

Major, you consider Emilia as bad?

No—I do not say that. She is good, very good; but she will yet be better, and that I call flattery, romantic stuff. I am, therefore, pleased to think that she has been once humbled, and that she will learn to know what mankind may and must be to her. But we will go to her relief, though

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I feel

I feel great reluctance to approach a court. When I am there, I do not know what to say, though words never can be wanting to an honest man engaged in an honest occupation. Hennig shall accompany me ; but you must stay at home. We shall first see how she has turned out, and in what state matters are, in order that my sister-in-law may have nothing to say against us.

Hennig was called—the horses were saddled—the major put some money into his pocket, and then set off for the capital full speed.

As soon as the major arrived, he repaired to an inn which the old page had pointed out, and, without loss of time, dispatched a messenger to the prince's country residence to announce his arrival. The old page immediately went to town, waited upon the major, and told how every thing stood. You see, said he, at last, that the affair is dangerous enough.—Dangerous ? replied the major, laughing. That I do not comprehend. His highness needs only say

say that he will not consent, and the matter is ended. In that I see nothing which requires much consideration.

The old page now explained the affair to the major more fully. The major, however, was a long time before he could comprehend it; but, in the end, he began to be of the same opinion as the page. My dear friend, said he, each rank in life has its own maxims; and I have never been appointed a judge over others. But—I can go to the princess, and say to her, that Emilia will not consent, because Selenberg does not deserve a respectable girl!—The page looked at the courageous major with astonishment; for such a circumstance had never occurred to him. And if the princess insists? asked he, laughing.—Ay! the devil, said the major: then I'll take my niece under my arm—set her on horseback—and carry her along with me.

Nothing, however, could be done till the return of the prince, who was expected next evening at his country residence. On

the third day, it was proposed that the major should wait upon his highness; in order to request leave for Emilia to make an excursion with him; and he was, at length, obliged to resolve to do so, though he shook his head a hundred times.

Very unluckily, the major, an hour after his arrival, was observed at the window of the inn by Selenberg, who was well acquainted with his face and person by having seen him at Moorberg. A note, which Selenberg sent to Charles, informed him of his danger, and of the means that were to be employed to avoid it. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Moorberg to fetch Emilia's parents; but Selenberg remained in the capital, because he did not think his presence necessary at the palace in the country.

As soon as the prince returned, he was made acquainted with the major's arrival, and the plan of his old page. The princess also heard of the major; and such a singular description had been given to her
of

of the man, that she resolved to bring Emilia's marriage with the president to a speedier conclusion. Every one was on the stretch of expectation, confident of victory ; but Charles, for his part, determined, if possible, not to appear in the scene. He had, at length, remarked that he would not have to do with his uncle and Emilia, but with the prince himself ; and it had been whispered to him also, that the prince found Emilia a charming girl, and that he often used to walk with her in the grove.

What in all the world, thought he, can this mean ?—And from that moment he never gave himself any more trouble to induce Emilia to bestow her hand upon Seilenberg. Her love for Seibold seemed to be entirely extinguished ; for, as he knew perfectly well, she had never so much as once written to him since she had been at court, and had never mentioned his name. On this account he thought it less necessary to be precipitate in regard to the marriage ; and, besides, many things occurred to him

which rendered his suspicion respecting the prince extremely probable. Emilia had enjoyed the love of the princess in an eminent degree; she had fallen into complete disgrace all of a sudden; and when he asked her the reason, she had returned an answer in very enigmatical expressions. Hem! thought he, the prince's opposition to the marriage; the jealousy of the princess, which is commonly talked of; and now my uncle in the capital three days without having seen Emilia! What can induce this madcap to keep himself so concealed? Why does he not go directly to the prince or the princess? In all probability he already knows that he must here interfere with the prince's love. All this agrees perfectly well together.—Charles was so accustomed to secret plans and intrigues that he could see nothing else upon the present occasion. O! thought he, laughing, if every one here plays his own game, why should not I? The prince loves Emilia; the princess is jealous; Selenberg is determined to have my

my sister ; the major wishes to give her to Seibold—and Emilia ? If I only knew what she is resolved to do ! Ah ! she lately praised the prince so much ! Right—Either Selenberg or - - - - The silly youth blushed ; but, in this blushing, shame had less share than the joy inspired by the thoughts of having his ambition gratified.

Hem ! thought he, at last, we will wait quietly, and see how the die falls—I wish my mother were here !

Whilst he was thus deliberating with himself, he, on a sudden, saw his uncle with old Hennig ride through the castle gate, and was pleased to observe in his countenance timidity and indetermined thoughtfulness. The major asked after Emilia ; and he was shewn the wing where her apartments were situated. Charles ran immediately towards this wing, and kept himself concealed till his uncle had entered. He then enquired in the antechamber concerning the major, sent the servant for a glass of water, and, applying his ear to the

key-hole, listened, and heard very distinctly : Pride ! - - - - Flattery ! - - - - To be what you ought not to be !—Charles thought, These are evident reproaches on account of Emilia's love to the prince. He listened again : —Go to the prince himself ! He shall hear the words of an honest man !—Why to the prince, thought Charles, and not the princess, who, however, is the cause of the whole ? I can no longer doubt.—He now retired, and devised a plan by which he might turn the good fortune of his sister to his own advantage.

His parents arrived soon after, and Charles received them with great joy. It may be readily conceived how much he was stunned by the questions of his mother. He, however, told her no more than what it was proper she should know ; spoke of Emilia and the prince in very enigmatical terms, and begged his mamma to treat Emilia with kindness. Mrs. Halden did not comprehend what Charles meant, and
refused

refused to comply with his wishes ; but Charles said, You may believe me, the fortune of our family will depend upon the manner in which you behave !—After this she had not a word more to reply.

In the mean time the major sent in his name to the prince, who at that moment was in company with the princess. Major Halden ? said the prince, astonished. At present—No—to-morrow ! What does the man want ? Or—Tell him I shall be glad of his company to play at cards in the evening.—The princess laughed.

The major, who had received his cue from the old page, and whom, after long trouble, he had at length persuaded to tell a falsehood, came in the evening as appointed ; approached the prince, while the princess was standing by him, and requested, in the simplest expressions, that his highness would allow his niece to return with him for a few weeks, as her presence was necessary on account of a certain family arrangement.—The prince replied : I grant your

request with the utmost readiness, and have no doubt that my consort will do the same. You must have recourse to her, major—And I wish you joy of the marriage of your niece with president Selenberg.

The major did not answer a single syllable. The princess said, with a triumphant air: Your niece is indisposed, major; and my physician has forbidden her to quit her apartment. But when you insist The major bowed, and returned no answer.

The princess was sensible that she could not refuse the major's request, and, turning aside, looked around her to see if Selenberg was present. Just at that moment Charles entered, and saluted the major; upon which the princess said: Your sister wishes to return for a little with your uncle.—With my uncle? replied Charles, looking first at the princess and then at the prince. The latter confirmed what the princess had said; but with so suspicious an air that Charles believed he might say, without any hesitation:

tion : I really doubt it much, your highness. My father and mother

Here he was interrupted by the princess, who said : Yes—on account of a family arrangement. The major, if I understand the affair right, has requested leave to carry your sister along with him—When do you leave town, major?

Early to-morrow morning, replied the major.

This family arrangement, said Charles with a malicious smile, is at present unnecessary ; as——

It is highly necessary, said the major, to whom this conversation was not very agreeable—highly necessary !

Well, returned Charles, you need not say a word more ; for my father and mother have come to town on account of that very arrangement to which you allude ; and they beg leave to have the honour of paying their respects to his highness to-morrow.

So, said the major, whose face became as red as fire—So, they are here too?—It is
of

of no use, added he, contracting his brows, looking first at the prince and then at the princess. He was, at length, however, unable to contain himself, and, addressing the princess, said: The arrangement I meant, your highness, was nothing else than to preserve my niece from a man for whom she has no affection; and for whom, to speak the truth, she is too good. I wish that man, I mean president Selenberg, were here present; and he cast his eyes around as if he had been looking for him.

I am exceedingly sorry, replied the princess, that you have come too late, major. The marriage is fixed—

I beg pardon, continued the major—To prevent a marriage before the ceremony has taken place, it is never too late.

You are too late, indeed, major, said the prince—my consort has passed her word...

Your highness, returned the major, will be graciously pleased, for once, to recall your word; it would render the girl unhappy and wretched during her whole life.

For

For my part, I am averſe to hurt a worm ; and if I ſee one I draw my foot back, even after I have raiſed it from the ground.

You, indeed, deſire too much, major, ſaid the prince.

I deſire the happineſs, replied the major, the worldly happineſs, and perhaps the eternal happineſs, of a human being; and for that no principality can be a compenſation.

You ſpeak, major, in a very bold ſtyle indeed, ſaid the princeſs, contracting her brows into a frown.

If I do not catch the ſtyle which is uſual here, ſaid the major, I hope your highneſs will forgive me. I have never before ſtood in the preſence of princes, except in that of my ſovereign, and then it was always with my ſabre in my hand in order to face the enemy. In ſuch caſes, when people have death and eternity before them, they do not think of modes of ſpeaking. Pardon an old man if he ſuffers an uncouth expreſſion ſometimes

sometimes to escape him. I love my niece; she is my father's grand-daughter; and is it possible for me to be silent on the present occasion, your highness, when her whole happiness is concerned? If it were, I should never again have courage to open the Bible, lest I should turn up that passage which says: But fear him who has power to destroy both soul and body in hell—I must therefore request your highness

I thought, said Charles, interrupting him, that this care belonged to the parents—and mine are here.

The more is the pity, replied the major; and that renders my uneasiness respecting Emilia greater. I hope your highness will not suffer me to depart without granting my request.

It is, indeed, not my business, said the princess, to determine whether a daughter belongs to her uncle or her parents. And with these words she retired to the card-table.

The major shook his grey head, cast his
eyes

eyes round the room with a look of despair, and then turned them towards the floor. Here, said he half aloud, no man who has feelings like mine ought ever to make his appearance! Then turning suddenly towards the prince: Yes, your highness, continued he—it is true—the determination of that point belongs to the parents; and even if they were devils Is Mr. Selenberg here? When he pronounced these words his face became as red as scarlet. The prince looked stedfastly at Charles, and the latter left the room. Major, said the prince, you grow warm; indecent behaviour would not become your grey hair—I desire that you will not speak to Selenberg till you hear again from me—and I hope every thing will turn out well.

God grant it may, your highness! replied the major—I have never used my sabre or my pistols except against the enemy; but to preserve the happiness of a young innocent girl, I could venture my life once more. May God, however, preserve me
from

from such a step ! He then took leave, and went to Emilia, whom he found with her parents. To his great astonishment, Mrs. Halden behaved to her daughter, by the advice of the young courtier, with the greatest tenderness. After staying a few minutes, the major left them ; and on his departure, when he squeezed Emilia by the hand, he gave her a friendly wink, and immediately rode back to town without saying a word by the way to his old Hennig.

As soon as he entered his lodgings young Hennig asked him how he did, and how matters stood. The major told him. But, said he at last, we have in some measure done Emilia injustice ; for she still entertains an affection in her heart for Seibold. They then deliberated what measures were to be pursued farther. If nothing else will do, said the major, I will call Selenberg to an account once more. The fellow has neither conscience nor courage—and even if he is not a coward, my right arm has still power to make good use of the sabre !

The

The nephew and uncle here entered into a contest which of them should invite Se-
lenberg to a private conversation; but old
Hennig soon put an end to the dispute.
What man of honour, said he, would either
pull a trigger or parry a thrust with such a
villain as he? While you, major, was con-
ducted by the footman to Emmy, and thence
up the large broad steps to the audience
chamber, I left the horses with Jack, and
went to reconnoitre a little. I thought
with myself, What has my master to do
here, bowing and scraping, in his old days,
among all these people dressed out in their
silks? Were I in his place, I would have a
carriage in waiting behind the grove, and
give Emilia a hint where and when to meet
it. She would soon find means to get into
it. I would then drive to Sollingen, marry
her to Seibold, and so all this dancing
about would be at an end.

This plan was highly approved by young
Hennig. Dear uncle, said he, it is the
surest

surest way ! There is no other means of managing these people.

No, replied the major, that will never do ! To carry away by open force from the prince a lady of his court might lead us into a sad scrape. The parents would complain ; we should then be obliged to restore Emilia ; the marriage would be annulled, and her sufferings would thus be increased. No—that will never do—If neither the laws nor any other human means can avail us, we may, indeed, then think of such a step—but not before.

The prince said to the old page, while he was dressing him : The major has not yet succeeded ! We will not part with Halden. My consort has pledged herself. The major, however, is a respectable old man—and you are right—Wise people like to hear those speak who speak what they think—But Halden's parents are here ; and, I almost suspect, by Selenberg's instigation. If you can give no other advice, the
arrange.

arrangement already made cannot be altered. The old page then enlarged upon Selenberg's character, and shewed the prince that it would be a shame to give up a virtuous, innocent young woman to such a voluptuary. Selenberg, added he, has on his conscience the ruin of many young women, your highness.... Here the old page seemed to be struggling within himself, whether he should say any thing more of the president or not. There is still one method, your highness, continued he—I mean force; and for that the major is the proper man.—The brother of the young lady, also, who lives with him, is an angel of a youth, your highness.

Force?—my old friend, said the prince, force? Do you reflect.....?

I have reflected, your highness, said the page.—And what would be the consequence? asked the prince. Should the major carry Halden to Sollingen, her parents would demand her to be delivered to them—my consort would require satisfaction

tion—and could I refuse it? That would be extricating our friend from one difficulty to throw her into a greater.

The old page considered a few minutes, and then said: True, your highness. She must not go to Sollingen; and the major must not know any thing of the business.—But suppose I do it, your highness? No one suspects me—I will carry off Halden—Yes, truly, that will do—That plan will answer completely

But take care, returned the prince, that you bring me into no embarrassment!—Whither do you mean to carry her?—Do you imagine that no enquiry will be made after her?

Where no one will search for her, your highness, continued the page. To my brother-in-law at Waldengrund! The plan is most excellent!—Here he again struggled with himself, whether he should not discover something to the prince that he had long concealed.

The page wrote a note to Emilia, in which
he

he desired her to be on the stair exactly as the clock should strike one. He then stationed himself before her apartment, in order to watch till she should be alone, and, opening the door, threw in the note, and then disappeared in an instant. Emilia read the note, resolved to do as she was desired, and at one o'clock was standing on the stair quite ready, with a bundle containing some clothes and linen. The old page conducted her through the prince's apartment down a private stair into the grove; and in twenty or twenty-five minutes she was seated in a light open carriage. Here, brother, said the page, here is mademoiselle Schlütern. But are you sure that you have not spoken of this affair to any one? Otherwise... You know that already, answered a rough hollow voice.—Very well, replied the page, make good use of the whip—Adieu, brother!—present my respects to all at home.

The horses immediately set off on a full gallop, and the old page returned to the castle

castle as much unobserved as he had been when he left it.

Next morning Emilia was missed. Her waiting-maid thought that she must be along with her parents; but she was soon undeceived when Mrs. Halden came to enquire after her daughter—I thought, said the maid, that she had been with you. She must certainly be in the grove.—At twelve the major also arrived to enquire for Emilia. Search was every where made for her; but she was nowhere to be found. Every body was in the utmost distress. The waiting-maid and one of the chamber-maids examined her linen, and found that a considerable part of it was gone—Her letters also had disappeared; and therefore there could no longer be any doubt that she had eloped.

Charles, who believed that she had been carried off by her uncle, hastened to town; and the major, who soon followed him, suspected Selenberg. Charles, having made enquiry at the inn, learned that the major
and

and his companion had slept there very quietly the preceding night; and that about eleven o'clock he had rode out with an old huffar. He then went to Selenberg, and said to him, in great confusion: Emilia has eloped.—Selenberg, pale as death, immediately replied: All this is owing to your foolish uncle.—Almost that moment the door flew open, and the major asked in a furious tone: Mr. President, where is Emilia? Selenberg was frightened, and Charles told the major what had happened. It, however, occurred to the major, that, as Emilia carried her clothes with her, she must have absconded of her own accord; and he said, addressing himself to Selenberg, No—the girl is not in your possession;—and with these words he immediately departed without taking leave.

Should the prince ? said Charles—Selenberg laughed, and replied: Charles, you are a fool! He added, however, after a little consideration—And yet you may be right. In twenty-four hours we shall know

where she is. Only suffer me . . . ! Provided she is not with the major.

Two footmen were immediately dispatched to enquire of all the people in town who let carriages, and also at the different gates. As none of the coachmen knew any thing of her, it was concluded that the affair must have been planned at the prince's country seat. The princess immediately sent for Selenberg, and informed him that Halden was gone. We have not yet, added she, been able to trace out where she is—Do you know any thing of her?—Selenberg shrugged up his shoulders, and began to ask farther particulars respecting her. None of the horses or carriages were missing at the palace; and none of the prince's servants had been found absent. The surrounding villages were then searched; but even there no traces of her were discovered.

The major and his nephew, accompanied by old Hennig, reconnoitred the whole country around, and did not return
I till

ill the day following; but their search was entirely fruitless. The prince himself dispatched people for the same purpose; but, as was very natural, they had no better success. At table and at the concert every body looked at each other; but no one said a single syllable on the subject.

The mother was in a violent passion, and railed against the major, whom she always beheld with an eye of suspicion. Charles said, laughing: The major has not carried away Emilia—that I firmly believe—The prince himself. . . .! This expression was quite unexpected to Mrs. Halden. The prince? exclaimed she, and immediately attempted to go to his apartment. Charles could scarcely prevent her. And if it be so, replied he, entreating her to stay, you must be perfectly sensible that it has been with Emilia's consent—and, in that case, what can you do?—What can I do? cried Mrs. Halden—Emilia mistress to the prince!—Here she fell into a violent rage; but Charles said: What is done cannot be

helped ; and it will, therefore, be consistent with prudence to derive as much benefit from the affair as possible. I beg of you, mamma, not to let the major know it—His hot temper would spoil every thing.

It was a long time before Charles was able to prevail on his mother to be composed ; but she, at length, became sensible that nothing could be done ; and that Emilia, by being mistress to the prince, would have it in her power to render the most essential service to Charles in his views of promotion. Love for her son overcame, in her heart, every sense of shame.

The major, whose suspicions had fallen also on the prince, went to the old page in order to unburden his mind. The old page laughed, and, after a little preparation, told him the whole affair. He at the same time convinced the major that Emilia would not be safe at Sollingen, and promised that he should often receive letters from her.

Charles, by seeing the major now so tranquil and easy, was more severely punished
for

for his baseness. He thought it impossible that the major could be so composed unless he knew where Emilia was concealed ; and if he knew that the prince had seduced her, his composure seemed quite incomprehensible. But if the case should be otherwise ? thought Charles, in the greatest distress, and in the most tormenting state of doubt. In the mean time Selenberg alone was actively employed in endeavouring to find out Emilia. He made enquiry at all the gentlemen's seats and hunting-boxes in the country ; but no one knew any thing of the fair fugitive. Every time that the prince rode out on horseback, Selenberg bribed the groom to tell him where he went ; but he expended his money to no purpose.

The major rode back to Sollingen as soon as he had received a letter from Emilia, informing him that she was in a place where she enjoyed peace and happiness. Her parents also wished to return ; and for that purpose went to court in order to

take leave. The princess considered the tranquillity which she remarked in Mrs. Halden's looks as a proof that she connived at her daughter's shame; and therefore she treated her with the openest contempt. On the other hand, the prince seemed to behave to her with the greater friendship. Nothing, however, gave Mrs. Halden more pain than that she was obliged to conceal how fortunate her daughter had been.

In the mean time Selenberg still continued his search; and in the course of a few days he said to Charles: I have at length got upon the right scent!—Charles, quite terrified at this information, became reserved, and endeavoured to divert Selenberg from the subject. They at length proceeded to a little altercation, and left each other with great coolness, but with civility. Charles, intoxicated as it were with the idea that his sister was the favourite of the prince, began to assume a very haughty tone. The whole court, who believed the
same,

same thing, flocked around him under the idea of his having acquired more influence; and this afforded the princess a new proof that her suspicions were well founded. It was very natural for her to treat Charles, especially when she observed his presumption, with the most apparent coolness; and in her behaviour towards him, she was sometimes harsh and sometimes ironical. This gave Charles considerable pain; and, in the consciousness of his supposed importance, he was guilty of some little neglect, in regard to certain points of etiquette, so that the princess one day treated him with marked contempt. He was much hurt by this insult, and waited upon the prince to demand satisfaction. Having made his complaint, he added with a low bow: It is nothing, your highness, but hatred against my sister which induces her to behave so! The prince looked at him with a sort of cold contempt, and replied: I would recommend to you, sir, to ask my consort pardon for having complained

against her—and after that I will permit you to retire from court.

This speech was like a stroke of thunder to the young courtier ; and as soon as he had recovered from his terror, he wrote a letter to the prince conceived in the most abject and humble style. The prince, however, sent the letter back with the following words written by his own hand at the bottom of it : I have found no reason to alter my opinion.

Charles now asked and obtained leave to retire ; but he remained a few months in the capital, still entertaining hopes of being restored to favour. He was, however, so much forgotten, that those who frequented the court scarcely remembered his name when they met him ; and he, at last, retired to Moorberg quite dejected, but having his heart filled with gall and bitterness.

The reader may easily conceive what were the sensations of Mrs. Halden when she learned the disgrace of her darling, and
saw

saw him return. She and Charles tormented themselves with a multitude of doubts, plans and conjectures. Is Emilia, said they, the prince's favourite or not? The latter probably is the case! But where is she? Why did the major seem so composed after she had disappeared? Does he know where she is concealed? What can be his plans? Is he the cause of Charles falling into disgrace? and by what means can he be again restored to favour?—Ambition is a hurricane, which arises every moment, and assails the heart on all sides. The mind of Mrs. Halden and that of her son were in turns a prey to hope and fear, pride and shame, revenge and a consciousness of humiliation.

Charles, however, had not lost every thing by his dismissal from court. Count Espenbruch received him with distinguished marks of friendship, on account of the similarity of the fate which had attended both; and the intimacy between the families of Ransleben and Moorberg daily increased.

increased. Stronger hopes were now entertained of an alliance between them; and frequent allusions were made, in a jocular way, to this connection, at which the count was accustomed to laugh with great satisfaction.

As Mrs. Halden imagined that all her misfortunes had been occasioned, either mediately or immediately, by the major, she was afraid that he might derange also the present plan. In order to guard against its being defeated she made it her business to relate every thing bad, that had the least appearance of probability, respecting him and her son Hennig; and of course Emilia's elopement was ascribed solely to the major. Sometimes he had concealed the girl in order that he might marry her to Seibold; sometimes, with Hennig's assistance he had sacrificed her to the prince; and in order to proceed with safety she carried her censure and calumny so far, that even the count himself was obliged to approve of her abuse.

It

It would appear, however, that the major was destined to be a continual scourge to the family at Moorberg, and Hennig was the cause. The estates of Ransleben and Sollingen lay quite adjacent to each other. Hennig was fond of hunting, and therefore had frequent intercourse with the count's huntsman and game-keeper. He, indeed, could never suffer people to pass him without addressing them in an affable and friendly manner; and for this reason every body at Ransleben loved the free, cheerful young gentleman of Sollingen, who was always ready to share with them his cold meat or the contents of his liquor-flask. Every friend of the chase was a friend to Hennig, for he kept the best hounds; knew with the utmost precision where game was to be found; never missed a shot; had always on his tongue the most remarkable hunting anecdotes, and a florin in his purse for every huntsman who shewed him the least civility. If a hunting party was at any time formed in the Ransleben

territories, Hennig was always invited to partake in it, unknown to the count, who never went out to the chace himself, though he was fond of it. A member of the *corps diplomatique*, said he, with a hunting-pouch on his back! God preserve us! That would be as bad as a clergyman with cards and dice in his pocket!

Young Hennig, who was universally beloved at Ransleben, enjoyed a very high character among the servants; but the count knew nothing of it, because he never interchanged a word more with his people than was absolutely necessary; and no one ever mentioned Hennig's name to the old cousin, because she was generally believed to be his enemy. For this reason, however, he was more frequently extolled to lady Louisa. When her father and the old lady rode out in the carriage, and she was left at home, she would retire into the garden, or go for a moment into the servants' hall to make some present to the domestics; or, if she had nothing to give away, to have
a little

a little friendly conversation with them—a custom, which, notwithstanding all the taunts of her cousin and the representations of her father, she was not able to leave off. It had arisen from the education given her by her mother, a worthy intelligent woman, who had taught her daughter, particularly as she resided in the country many years, to love all mankind.

Love them, Louisa, said the count, one day when he remarked the consequences of this education--Yes, that you may--they are human beings as well as we, and our equals before God—only you should not *converse* with them, nor be in their company. It may become me ; but it is not proper for others.

Louisa had no idea how it was possible to love mankind without telling them so ; and she obeyed the impulse of her heart, though in as private a manner as possible, that she might not give uneasiness to her father. Her waiting-maid, a young affectionate girl, when the family were not at home,

home, frequently paid a visit to the game-keeper; and Louisa would sometimes follow her, stand in the door, and join in the conversation. What have you shot to-day, game-keeper? would she say—I wish I were a huntsman! I could run about as well as the best of you! But to shoot a poor animal—No—that I could not do. The game-keeper would then relate most terrible stories of wild boars, bears, spectres, and other things of the like kind. At last he would introduce Hennig; enter into a high panegyric on his good qualities; compare him to lady Louisa, and conclude by saying: Yes, lady Louisa, a better young man than Mr. Halden is not to be found in the whole neighbourhood within fifty miles. He would lay down his life for any one of us, if we desired it. He would give his heart out of his bosom to serve us! He is an angel of a young man! A thousand times have I said: Our lady Louisa and Mr. Halden! If all masters were like him, servants would not hesitate to die for them.

Louisa.

Louisa would then say: O! I know well why Mr. Halden is so much your favourite—It is because he smokes tobacco with you, and gives you part of his cold meat and spirits.

No—truly no—said the game-keeper one day—no, it is because he behaves to every body with so much friendship; speaks to them in so affable a manner, and assists them as far as he can if they are in want. I met him lately, look ye—for we go sometimes upon the lands of Sollingen—with a burden of wood on his back, which he was carrying out of the forest for a poor old man from Saarssen; and as it was a very affecting sight, I went behind the bushes, and there I heard him give the old man a very severe lecture on stealing. For the old man, you must know, had stolen the wood, though he was not able to carry it away; and the young gentleman, you see, had just come upon him in the fact. When he spied me, he gave over scolding, and

and spoke to the old man as if he had made him a present of the wood. It was in vain for me to say any thing to him ; he carried it as far as the red field, and then he said to the old man : Father, you may come and take a burden of wood once every week. As soon as he was gone—for you must know, lady Louisa, that he always behaves as if ashamed of being so good—the old man sat down on his bundle of wood, and told me the whole story, adding : Gracious God ! why is he not our master !—Saarssen, as you well know, belongs to Moorberg. And the old man cried like a child—I then took up the wood, and carried it to the poor man's cottage. People must become good when they see such examples ; and this, lady Louisa, is only one instance ; for I could tell you a thousand of the like kind. While the game-keeper was entertaining her with this anecdote, the cook, the gardener, and the other servants approached them, and each

each in turn related some good action of young Mr. Halden, for they all knew him and loved him.

Lady Louisa, however, said : But, for all his good qualities, he is hated by his mother ! The cook then, who pretended to be half an orator, undertook to explain how that happened. Please your ladyship, said he, it is all owing to *instinct*, or *sympathy*, or natural aversion. Now, look ye, the old lady cannot bear the smell of roses ; and that also arises from *instinct*.—All the rest of the domestics agreed that it was so. The cook at last said : Yes—yes ; I entertain a wish—I will not tell you what it is ; but it concerns our beautiful lady Louisa and Mr. Halden.—The game-keeper, huntsman, gardener and coachman all shook hands. You are right, cook, exclaimed they—God grant it may be so !—Were that to happen, we should have rare times.—Lady Louisa laughed heartily at this speech, and, turning round abruptly, went into the garden.

In

In such conversations she often took part; and the consequence was, that she always conceived a better opinion of Hennig, especially after the game-keeper told her that he frequently entertained Mr. Halden for whole hours together. And what do you entertain him with? said Louisa. With every thing that passes here, replied the game-keeper—and with what I only know—many times with you.—Yes, returned Louisa, I suppose you tell him many pretty *stories*; and that Mr. Halden listens with great attention

Listen! said the game-keeper—He has many times told me how you—I have almost forgot the affair—but it was when miss Halden fell into the water. On that occasion you was so anxious, he said, to give assistance, and got yourself so wet, and was so good, just like an angel; and if at any time he and the old major converse together at table of good people, your name is always mentioned among the first of them—and he says all this with so much love
and

and respect, that every body would esteem him were he even not an angel as he is.-----

Louisa laughed; but in a little time she could even introduce such conversations herself, and bring the cook to his *instinct*, from which he would proceed by a very easy transition to Mrs. Halden and the young master at Sollingen. She had never seen Hennig since the interview at Moorberg; but her attachment to him became every day stronger.

Charles, who was now very frequently at Ransleben, trembled at the idea of the count renewing his acquaintance with the major. He wished to make an eternal separation between the two families; and he soon found means to accomplish his end. A beautiful meadow, which lay within the circumference of the boundaries of Ransleben, had, for a long time, belonged to the estate of Sollingen. This piece of ground had often been the occasion of dispute between the proprietors of the two estates. The owner of Sollingen was in possession; but

but a suit at law, which had been carried on some years, rendered it doubtful whether that possession was legal. The death of the proprietors had frequently suspended the process, and brought it into oblivion ; but it had never been actually terminated.

The major hated nothing in the world so much as a law-suit, because he was highly displeased with the slow progress of justice. No, said he, I would sacrifice my right, were it as clear as the noon-day, rather than have any thing to do with your replies and such stuff as that. Yes, even if the case here were the same as in the dominions of the great Frederick ! But every step that Justice advances here she goes back two. No—God preserve me from law !—Were my opponent only half a respectable man, I would go to him and tell him my arguments, and then hear his. It would be a ridiculous thing, indeed, if four good eyes could not see as well what is right and wrong as those gentlemen who can do nothing without clauses, stamped paper,

paper, signatures and oaths, as if all mankind were mere villains.

The count did not think the meadow a matter of great importance, and therefore he had never seen it. But—he had been employed at Ratisbon respecting an affair of an *arrondissement*, between his court and another, which he had terminated with great approbation. On that account he assumed no little consequence, and considered himself as an able statesman. He was much hurt to find that the history of the happy issue of this negotiation made no noise in the world; and for that reason he spoke of it more frequently, and as of an affair that would be productive of happiness and eternal peace to all Europe. In his idea, the whole mystery of the diplomatic art was contained in the word *arrondissement*. Charles conversed with him very frequently on this subject; and by these means soon insinuated himself into the old man's favour.

Hitherto the count had never thought that a meadow belonging to the major lay
within

within the small circumference of his estate, and that he had need of an *arrondissement* for himself. Charles reminded him of this point, which he had forgotten; and the count indulged with more pleasure an idea that would conduct him once more to Ratisbon. He entered upon the business with the usual formalities. When about to begin his former important negotiation, he had first applied to the other court to know whether it was inclined to an exchange; and he wished now to proceed in the like manner with regard to the meadow. He, therefore, commissioned Charles to give a hint of this kind to his uncle, but in the most delicate manner possible.

Charles promised to do as desired; but was unwilling to keep his word. That he might appear, however, to have discharged his mission, he paid a visit to the major; and in the course of his conversation, having introduced the meadow, said after a little preparation: Are you inclined, uncle, to give up that piece of ground?—No, replied

plied the major abruptly and with firmness. Charles, indeed, had so coupled the question with other things, that the major could not help believing his sister-in-law wished to add the meadow to Moorberg.

This No was sufficient to Charles; and he did not say a word more on the subject. He carried back to the count his uncle's answer, which he delivered in the most natural manner possible, adding: My uncle is a man with whom it is not easy to enter into an accommodation.—He found means also to convey to the count, through the third or fourth hand, many things which the major was supposed to have said, and which seemed to imply an obstinate intention of reviving the process. The count was far from being litigious; but he never could pronounce the word *arrondissement* without thinking of the meadow and the major's ironical expressions; and he at last resolved to give orders to his lawyer to proceed.

Charles rejoiced when he had brought
 matters

matters thus far, as a complete breach between the two families was now unavoidable; and he besides enjoyed the pleasure of having revenged himself on the major. My uncle, thought he, is of too violent a temper to admit of any accommodation taking place after what has been done.

The major, when he received the first sheet of the law proceedings, was thrown into the utmost astonishment, and fell into a violent passion. The old fool! exclaimed he—I would have resigned the meadow to him if he had entered into the affair in a friendly manner. But threats and complaints—Well, let him see what he will gain by it. I will not yield an inch to him.—He applies to an attorney—and I must resign my claim—now and for ever!—I will expend my last shilling before he shall have the meadow.

Not if you are in the wrong, dear uncle?—not then? said Hennig.

He shall never have it, replied the major,
while

while my eyes are open.—The old fool !
He will now bring upon my back a devil
that I have so long avoided !

But, dear uncle, if the count be in the
right ? added Hennig.

He should come then, returned the
major, and tell me so—I would give up my
whole fortune to any one who had a right
to it—yes, that I would, however much I
have been accustomed to the comforts and
conveniences of life.—But the meadow ?
—No—he shall not have it.

But once more, dear uncle, continued
Hennig, suppose the count has a right ?

Have done with your foolish questions !
said the major ; what does it concern me ?
He wished to go to law, and now he shall.—
No ! if I should be obliged to give the shirt
from my back to make paper for writing
briefs, he shall not have the meadow.

Hennig laid hold of little Hannah who
was in the room, and said to her softly : Go
and stay a little with Seibold—you are not
wanted here at present.

What do you mean by that? asked the major with a countenance half expressive of displeasure—why should'nt the child stay here?

Hennig squeezed the major's hand, and replied in an affectionate manner: She shall not hear that my uncle will spend even his shirt in order to do an act of injustice.

The major scratched his head for anger and vexation.—Injustice!—No—not injustice, cried he. If he gains the meadow, he may take it—the old fool with his briefs and his replies—I will not keep it from him. But I'll make it a heavy business to him!—He wished to go to law, and now he shall have enough of it—that I'll assure him.

You will make his right a heavy business, dear uncle? returned Hennig. You meant to say an easy business.

Hold your tongue with your nonsense! exclaimed the major. Do you know then who is in the right—he or I?

No—replied Hennig. But we can enquire

quire into that point, and then do what is right, and not what passion dictates. Do *you* know who is in the right?

The major contracted his forehead into a frown, and said in a somewhat calmer tone: Must I not be angry then with a fool, Hennig? That man the count - - - -

Is a fool, dear uncle, replied Hennig, because he does not come and tell you I must have so and so? But if the meadow really belongs to him, he has waited already a year, during which you ought to have gone to him and said: The meadow is thine, take it!—I ask you again, dear uncle, do you know who is in the right?

But, Hennig, said the major, what title have you to examine me in this manner? This is just as if thou wert uncle and I nephew.

Hennig squeezed his uncle's hand, and wished to go: Stay, young one! cried the major--Come hither--let me embrace you; all is forgot and forgiven.—Am I in the right? I almost think not; but I am

vexed, look ye, that he has involved me in a law-suit. I will make no use of the quirks of the law—but the suit may go on.

When you believe that you are in the wrong, dear uncle? said Hennig.

But, Hennig, replied the major, what can I do?—I wish to avoid every thing foolish—The meadow belongs to you, and you may do what you please. No man shall have it in his power to accuse me of injustice, though I am very much vexed.

Hennig hastened to the attorney, and talked over the affair with him. It is not certain, said the attorney, whether the count is in the right or not, but it is very probable; and were he acquainted with a paper which is preserved here among the public records, the suit would soon be determined in his favour.—But why is not the paper given to him? said Hennig.—We are not obliged, replied the attorney, to put weapons into the hands of our enemies to enable them to fight us.—God preserve us! returned Hennig, are not men obliged to be

honest? Where is the paper?—The attorney produced the paper, which Hennig carried to his uncle, and gave to him without saying a word. The major read it with attention. Was this paper found in the same place as the deeds, said the major, of which copies have been sent to me by the count? His right here is perfectly plain and clear.

No, replied Hennig, it was preserved among the public records.

That I did not know, resumed the major—Well, ride over directly, Hennig, and tell the count that I did not know of this deed—But, Hennig, we must search the records once more. We may still possess unjustly many other things which no one suspects. Ride over, and do the business prettily, and don't forget that I did not know of it.

Hennig ordered his horse to be saddled, and rode over to Ransleben. Louisa was at home alone, and standing at the window

when he entered the court. He was immediately surrounded by all the domestics with looks of love and respect, and every one seemed ready to do him any service in his power. Nay, the very dogs sprung towards him, and received him with every fawning mark of attention, as an old acquaintance whom they were glad to see. Louisa rejoiced at this scene, and said to her maid: Only look how every creature receives Mr. Halden with love!—Yes, replied the maid, and above stairs he is received with nothing but hatred and enmity.

Louisa had not time to reply, for all the domestics were already conducting Hennig with every expression of joy to the drawing-room. She now imagined that she still heard the words hatred, enmity; and went to meet him in so cheerful a manner, and with so friendly a look, as if desirous of making atonement for the injustice done to him by her father and her cousin.

As the count was every moment expected
to

to return, Hennig remained with Louisa; and she, therefore, had the pleasure of sitting by the youth of whom she daily heard so much good, and who always spoke of her with love and respect. She gazed with a smiling look on his honest, cheerful countenance, in which were displayed mildness and affability, though at the same time fire and intrepidity. She first asked after Emilia, and Hennig replied: I am sorry I can give you no accounts of her, however much I wish it; but I believe she is well. At the court many strange things have happened—The princess wished to marry her to a good-for-nothing fellow, and——You remember the incident at Moorberg?

Hennig had now touched on that point, of which Louisa always spoke with so much pleasure. Here she repeated the history of that event, and remembered in what manner she had stood godmother. Before she was aware, Hennig laid hold of her hand, which he squeezed with great tenderness. Louisa blushed; for the old cousin often

said to her : A young lady must never suffer a man to do so, because it is indecent. As soon as she recollected this admonition, she drew back her hand in order to receive on her finger, and shew to Hennig, a canary-bird sent to her as a present from Moorberg, and which now sat upon her shoulder.

Hennig took a lump of sugar between his lips, and held it before the little animal's bill. The animal hopped backwards on Louisa's arm, and the red rosy lips of the youth came at once into contact with her fingers. She hesitated whether she should pull back her hand or not. The bird, as Hennig approached it with the sugar, hopped still farther back on Louisa's arm, and Hennig followed it with his lips. Louisa was confused, and thought on the old lady. She apprehended it might not be altogether proper that the youth's lips should be continually kissing her arm ; but she at length fell upon means to get rid of her embarrassment. With her delicate fingers she laid
hold

hold of the piece of sugar between Hennig's lips, and said : It will take it from me, without doubt. She had already put the sugar into her mouth, when it suddenly struck her that it would be still worse if she held between her lips what Hennig had before held in his. But she had once said she would ; and if she now refused, it might be considered as a mark of disrespect.

She, therefore, took the piece of sugar between her lips, while her face was crimsoned over with blushes. The bird immediately hopped upon her shoulder, and then upon the edge of her handkerchief. Hennig applied his finger to the animal's legs, and it instantly hopped upon it. Hennig brought his hand with the bird close to her mouth. This was still worse. She repeatedly blushed, and seemed desirous to speak. That moment the bit of sugar fell upon Hennig's hand ; and he again took it in his lips. The bird pecked at it till it was satisfied, and then hopped back to Louisa's shoulder.

shoulder. Hennig said : Were I to remain here only twenty-four hours, the little animal would kiss my lips as readily as he does yours.—Hennig had here made use of the word *kiss* : and on this account Louisa was a little displeased.

Hennig renewed the conversation, and in a short time he had again hold of Louisa's hand before she perceived it. This is a forward youth, thought she—Where shall I put my hand to be in safety?—She imagined that sitting was the cause of all this; and she therefore said : Let us go a little into the garden. In her confusion she did not observe that the canary-bird was still sitting on her shoulder. As soon as they had got into the garden, Hennig exclaimed : O the faithful little animal ! and held out his finger to the bird ; but it hopped away, and perched on the branch of a tree. Louisa was uneasy, and endeavoured to entice it back ; but as it did not return, she called to some of the servants to catch it for her.

Hennig

Hennig now thought that the bird had come into the garden by a sort of good luck. He ordered some bits of sugar to be brought, and ascended the tree with them; but the bird still hopped a little higher. As the tree was exceedingly slender, Louisa and all the servants requested Hennig to come down; but he mounted with great ease and caution even upon the weakest branches; at length laid hold of the bird, concealed it in his bosom, and soon brought it down. Louisa stood before him, and asked if it was dead. O no! replied Hennig—I am only afraid it will fly off again—He unbuttoned two of the buttons of his vest, and said: Will you catch it? I will hold fast at the bottom. Louisa put her delicate hand into the opening of the vest; but she had no sooner done it than it struck her that this was not pretty. She, however, took the bird from Hennig's palpitating heart; and was exceedingly happy when she had pulled her hand out. She now hastened to the drawing-room, and thought as she went along:

along : What a well-behaved though forward youth ! Let me do what I may, he still leads me into very improper situations : and yet he appears as if every thing was the same to him !

Very fortunately for Louisa, her father's carriage rolled into the court, and she soon began to forget with what an unlucky youth she had been engaged. She now wished to know speedily on what account Hennig had come to Ransleben—a question which she might have asked a hundred times ; but her father was already on the steps, just ready to enter.

Louisa and Hennig went to meet him, and the old man looked at them with a very gloomy countenance. When they entered the drawing-room, Hennig said : My uncle, count, received this day a copy of your claim to the large meadow. Your title is good, as you will perceive by this deed, which I was ordered to deliver into your hands—But my uncle, count, thinks it rather hard that you should endeavour to
substantiate

Substantiate your claim in this manner; and I have come hither, by his desire, to ask whether the business cannot be terminated by amicable means?—This expression reminded the count in a very impressive manner of Ratisbon, and put him in the best humour possible. I accept of your proposal, with joy, replied he laughing. Let me hear what terms your uncle is inclined to propose. But, in the first place, we must make ourselves acquainted with the general principles of the advantage which arises from every *arrondissement*. Indeed it is hardly possible that any one can have reflected so maturely on this subject, and be so much convinced of the great advantage of *arrondissements* as I—Look ye, Mr. Halden—But will you not sit down? Louisa, hand a chair— The fate of Europe, look ye, depends upon the political balance of power; but it is impossible to define the weight of each state as long as single provinces do not lie together. People calculate,

late, in general, on the population, revenues, &c. and never reflect that unless an *arrondissement* be made, no state is certain of its friends or its enemies; and in such a country the whole political knowledge of the ablest head is always wavering. Lands which lie scattered occasion wars, make treaties uncertain, and all speculations doubtful. You will see the time come when every prince will concentrate his territories; and eternal peace will no longer be a non-entity. — Here the count made a pause.

Hennig stared at the count; for he could not comprehend what a dispute respecting a meadow had to do with the state of Europe; and he at length said drily: My uncle now thinks, count, that since the deed has been found, the meadow belongs to Ransleben; and he only laments that you did not first apply to him. He, however, resigns to you the piece of ground because it belongs to you, and only wishes to know under what legal form it must be done?

The suit, then, between you and us is now at an end.

How? Resign the meadow to me? said the count And what equivalent does he require?

None at all, count, replied Hennig. Read the title deed which you now have in your hand, and which my uncle only this day found, and you will see that the meadow in all probability belongs to you; and, as I have already said, my uncle resigns it.

The count read, and thought no more of his *arrondissement*. He passed some very handsome compliments on the major's honesty; in which Hennig, however, found nothing very extraordinary.

He resigns the meadow, said the count, and delivers into my hands the deed—That truly is a great deal!

Louisa rejoiced to see every thing end so well, and said: Mr. Halden caught my dear canary-bird for me. That also is a great deal . . .

It

It is very little, replied Hennig laughing.
—He now took leave; mounted his horse,
and galloped towards Sollingen. Louisa
stood at the window looking after him, and
said to her maid: Ah! I wish he may soon
return!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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